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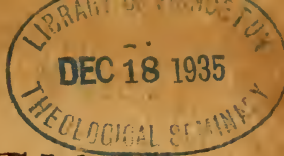


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A



COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR

PUBLICK WORSHIP.

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1845

P S A L M S,

Selected principally from TATE and BRADY.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The good Man happy, the Sinner miserable.

I.

HOW blest'd is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk !

II.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

III.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

IV.

Ungodly men, and their attempts,
 No lasting root shall find ;
 Untimely blasted, and dispers'd,
 Like chaff before the wind.

V.

For God approves the just man's ways ;
 To happiness they tend ;
 But sinners, and the paths they tread,
 Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. Common Metre.

The Exaltation of the Son of God.

I.

ATTEND, O earth, whilst I declare
 God's uncontroll'd decree :
 " Thou art my Son ; this day, my heir,
 " Have I begotten thee.

II.

" Ask, and receive thy full demands ;
 " Thine shall the heathen be :
 " The utmost limits of the lands
 " Shall be possess'd by thee."

III.

Learn then, ye princes, and give ear,
 Ye judges of the earth ;
 Worship the LORD with holy fear ;
 Rejoice with awful mirth.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears suppressed: a Morning Psalm.

I.

THOU, O my God, art my defence ;
 On thee my hopes rely :
 Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
 Lift up my head on high.

II.

Since whenfoe'er, in deep distress,
 To God I made my pray'r,
 He heard me from his holy hill ;
 Why should I now despair ?

III.

Guarded by him, I laid me down
 My sweet repose to take ;
 For I through him securely sleep,
 Through him in safety wake.

IV.

Salvation to the LORD belongs,
 He only can defend ;
 His blessing he extends to all
 That on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV. Common Metre.

*True Happiness only in God: an Evening
Psalm.*

I.

CONSIDER that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice ;
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.

II.

Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

III.

The place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply ;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.

IV.

While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see ;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, LORD, on me.

V.

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting, and more true,
'Than theirs who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

VI.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
 And take my needful rest :
 No other guard, O LORD, I crave,
 Of thy defence possess.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

I.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r :
 To thee alone, my King, my God,
 Will I for help repair.

II.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
 And with the dawning day
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

III.

But when thy boundless grace shall me
 To thy lov'd courts restore,
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly there adore.

IV.

LORD, let all those who trust in thee,
 With shouts their joy proclaim ;
 Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
 And all that love thy name.

V.

To righteous men, the righteous LORD
 His blessing will extend ;
 And with his favour all his faints,
 As with a shield, defend.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

*God's Sovereignty and Goodness ; and Man's
 Dominion over the Creatures.*

I.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy name !

II.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight ;
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light ;

III.

What's man (say I) that, LORD, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind ?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To him so wond'rous kind ?

IV.

Him next in pow'r thou didst create
 To thy celestial train,
 Ordain'd with dignity and state
 O'er all thy works to reign.

V.

They jointly own his pow'rful fway,
 The beaſts that prey or graze;
 The bird that wings its airy way;
 The fiſh that cuts the ſeas.

VI.

O thou to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

PSALM IX. Common Metre.

The Truth, Juſtice, and Goodneſs of God.

I.

TO celebrate thy praife, O LORD,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the liſt'ning world thy works,
 Thy wond'rous works declare.

II.

The thought of them ſhall to my ſoul
 Exalted pleaſures bring;
 Whiſt to thy name, O thou Moſt High!
 Triumphant praife I ſing.

III.

The LORD for ever lives, who has
 His righteous throne prepar'd,
 Impartial juſtice to diſpenſe,
 To puniſh or reward.

IV.

God is a constant sure defence
 Against oppressing rage ;
 As troubles rise, his needful aids
 In our behalf engage.

V.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,
 Will in his truth confide ;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsok the man
 That on his help rely'd.

VI.

Sing praises therefore to the LORD,
 All ye who love his name ;
 And with loud shouts of grateful joy
 His saving pow'r proclaim.

PSALM XI. Common Metre.

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

I.

WHEN once the firm assurance fails,
 Which publick faith imparts,
 'Tis time for innocence to fly
 From such deceitful arts.

II.

The LORD hath both a temple here,
 And righteous throne above ;
 Where he surveys the sons of men,
 And how their counsels move.

III.

If God, the righteous, whom he loves,
 For trial does correct,
 What must the sons of violence,
 Whom he abhors, expect?

IV.

The righteous LORD will righteous deeds
 With signal favour grace;
 And to the upright man disclose
 The brightness of his face.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

The Character of a good Man.

I.

LORD, who's the happy man, that may
 To thy blest'd courts repair;
 Not stranger-like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there?

II.

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

III.

Who never did a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound,
 Nor hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.

IV.

Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
 Can treat with just neglect ;
 And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.

V.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood ;
 And though he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.

VI.

Who seeks not in oppressive ways
 His treasure to employ ;
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe,
 The guiltless to destroy.

VII.

The man who by his steady course
 Has happiness ensur'd,
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
 By providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI. Common Metre.

Hope of the Resurrection.

I.

I STRIVE each action to approve
 To God's all-seeing eye ;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.

II.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice :
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his powerful voice.

III.

He will the paths of life display,
 Which to his presence lead ;
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. Long Metre.

Confidence in the Protection of God.

I.

NO change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, LORD, to thee ;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

II.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God ;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r :
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

III.

To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
 To God address'd my humble moan ;
 Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
 And heard me from his lofty throne.

IV.

The LORD did on my side engage ;
 From heav'n, his throne, my cause upheld ;
 And snatch'd me from the furious rage
 Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.

V.

Thou to the just shalt justice show ;
 The pure thy purity shall see :
 Such as perversely choose to go,
 Shall meet with due returns from thee.

VI.

Then who deserves to be ador'd,
 But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
 Or who, except the mighty LORD,
 Can with resistless power defend ?

PSALM XIX. First Part. Common Metre.

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God.

I.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD,
 Which that 'alone can fill ;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill.

II.

The dawn of each returning day
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
 From darkest night's successive rounds
 Divine instruction springs.

III.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
 Or region is confin'd ;
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.

IV.

Their doctrine does its sacred sense
 Through earth's extent display ;
 Whose bright contents the circling sun
 Does round the world convey.

V.

No bridegroom for his nuptials dress'd,
 Has such a cheerful face :
 No giant doth like him rejoice
 To run his glorious race.

VI.

From east to west, from west to east,
 His restless course he goes ;
 And, through his progress, cheerful light
 And vital warmth bestows.

PSALM XIX. First Part. Long Metre.

The Heavens declare the glory of God.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.

II.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :

IV.

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :

VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

PSALM XIX. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.

I.

GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

II.

The statutes of the LORD are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

III.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid ;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.

IV.

Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

V.

But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall ?
O ! cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all.

VI.

Let no presumptuous sin, O LORD,
 Dominion have o'er me ;
 That by thy grace preserv'd, I may
 The great transgression flee.

PSALM XX. Common Metre.

For a Day of Prayer in time of War.

I.

TO thy salvation, LORD, for aid,
 We cheerfully repair,
 With banners in thy name display'd :
 O LORD, accept our pray'r.

II.

Our hopes are fix'd, that now the LORD
 His people will defend ;
 From heav'n resistless aid afford,
 And to our pray'r attend.

III.

Some trust in steeds, for war design'd ;
 On chariots some rely :
 Against them all we'll call to mind
 The pow'r of God most high.

IV.

But from their steeds and chariots thrown
 Behold them through the plain,
 Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
 Whilst firm our troops remain.

V.

Still save us, LORD, and still proceed
 Our rightful cause to bless :
 Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need,
 The pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXII. First Part. Common Metre.

For Good Friday.

I.

MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
 When I with anguish faint ?
 O ! why so far from me remov'd,
 And from my loud complaint ?

II.

My blood like water's spill'd, my joints
 Are rack'd and out of frame ;
 My heart dissolves within my breast,
 Like wax before the flame.

III.

My strength like potter's earth is parch'd,
 My tongue cleaves to my jaws ;
 And to the silent shades of death
 My fainting soul withdraws.

IV.

Liké blood-hounds to furround me, they
 In pack'd assemblies meet ;
 They pierc'd my inoffensive hands,
 They pierc'd my harmless feet.

V.

My body's rack'd, till all my bones
 Distinctly may be told :
 Yet such a spectacle of wo
 As pastime they behold.

VI.

As spoil, my garments they divide,
 Lots for my vesture cast :
 Therefore approach, O LORD, my strength,
 And to my succour haste.

PSALM XXII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

Obedience to God due from all Men.

I.

LET all the glad converted world
 To God their homage pay ;
 And scatter'd nations of the earth
 One sov'reign Lord obey.

II.

'Tis his supreme prerogative
 O'er subject kings to reign :
 'Tis just that he should rule the world,
 Who does the world sustain.

III.

The rich, who are with plenty fed,
 His bounty must confess ;
 The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
 Their gen'rous patron bless.

IV.

With humble worship to his throne,
 Let all for aid resort :
 That pow'r which first their beings gave,
 Can only them support.

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

THE LORD himself, the mighty LORD,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide,
 The shepherd, by whose constant care
 My wants are all supply'd.

II.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
 And gently there repose ;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.

III.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 And to his endless praise,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk
 In his most righteous ways.

IV.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free ;
 For there his aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.

V.

Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
 Through all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his worship spend.

PSALM XXIII. Six Line Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care :
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 His presence shall my pains beguile :
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

IV.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For, thou, O LORD, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dismal shade.

PSALM XXIV. First Part. Common Metre.

The Man whom God approves.

I.

THIS spacious earth is all the LORD's;
 The LORD her fulness is;
 The world, and all that dwell therein,
 By sov'reign right are his.

II.

But for himself, this LORD of all
 One chosen seat design'd:
 O! who shall to that sacred hill
 Deserv'd admittance find?

III.

The man whose hands and heart are pure,
 Whose thoughts from pride are free;
 Who honest poverty prefers
 To gainful perjury.

IV.

This, this is he, on whom the LORD
 Shall show'r his blessings down;
 Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
 With righteousness to crown.

V.

Such is the race of faints, by whom
 The sacred courts are trod ;
 And such the pious profelytes,
 That seek the face of God.

PSALM XXIV. Second Part. Com. Metre.

The LORD the King of Glory.

I.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates ;
 Unfold, to entertain
 The King of glory : see ! he comes
 With his celestial train.

II.

Who is this King of glory ? who ?
 The LORD for strength renown'd :
 In battle mighty ; o'er his foes
 Eternal victor crown'd.

III.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,
 In state to entertain
 The King of glory : see ! he comes
 With all his shining train.

IV.

Who is this King of glory ? who ?
 The LORD of hosts renown'd :
 Of glory he alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV. First Part. Short Metre.

Seeking divine Forgiveness and Direction.

I.

THY mercies, and thy love,
O LORD, recal to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

II.

Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee ;
And, for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

III.

His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous LORD displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

IV.

He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

V.

Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts,
To his bless'd will incline.

C

PSALM XXV. Second Part. Short Metre.

God's Compassion to those who humbly obey him.

I.

SINCE mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O LORD,
And so advance thy name.

II.

Whoe'er with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the LORD a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.

III.

For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts ;
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

The Safety of trusting in God.

I.

CONTINUE, LORD, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy all my pray'rs receive,
Nor my request deny.

II.

When us to seek thy glorious face
 Thou kindly dost advise ;
 Thy glorious face I'll always seek,
 My grateful heart replies.

III.

Then hide not thou thy face, O LORD,
 Nor me in wrath reject :
 My God and Saviour, leave not him
 Thou didst so oft protect.

IV.

I trusted that my future life
 Should with thy love be crown'd ;
 Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
 With sorrow compass'd round.

V.

God's time with patient faith expect,
 And he'll inspire thy breast
 With inward strength : do thou thy part,
 And leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

The Majesty of God in Thunder.

I.

JEHOVAH with amazing noise,
 The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks ;
 The ocean trembles at his voice,
 When he from heav'n in thunder speaks.

II.

How full of pow'r his voice appears !
With what majestick terrour crown'd !
Which from the roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round.

III.

They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are sometimes hurry'd far away ;
And leap like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful play.

IV.

When God in thunder loudly speaks,
And scatter'd flames of lightning fends,
The vallies roar, the desert quakes,
The stubborn forest lowly bends.

V.

He makes the hinds to cast their young ;
And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare ;
While those that to his courts belong,
Securely sing his praises there.

VI.

God rules the angry floods on high ;
His boundless sway shall never cease ;
His people he'll with strength supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM XXX. Common Metre.

Sickness healed, and Sorrow removed.

I.

I'LL celebrate thy praises, LORD,
 Who didst thy pow'r employ
 To raise my drooping head, and change
 My mourning into joy.

II.

In my distress I cry'd to thee,
 Who kindly didst relieve,
 And from the grave's expecting jaws,
 My hopeless life retrieve.

III.

Thy wrath has but a moment's reign ;
 Thy favour no decay :
 My night of grief is recompens'd
 With joy's returning day.

IV.

Exalted thus, I gladly sing
 Thy praise in grateful verse ;
 And as thy favours endless are,
 Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXII. Long Metre.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

I.

HE'S blest'd who has thy pardon gain'd,
 Whose sins, O God, no more appear ;

Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

II.

No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

III.

True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.

IV.

Thy faints that have perform'd thy laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII. First Part. Com. Metre.

The Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

LET all the just to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

II.

For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

III.

By his almighty word at first
 Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd ;
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At his command appear'd.

IV.

The swelling floods together roll'd,
 He makes in heaps to lie ;
 And lays, as in a store-house safe,
 The wat'ry treasures by.

V.

Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
 Before him trembling stand ;
 For when he spake the word, 'twas made,
 'Twas fix'd at his command.

PSALM XXXIII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

The Happiness of trusting in God.

I.

'TIS God, who those that trust in him
 Beholds with gracious eyes :
 He frees their soul from death, their want
 In time of dearth supplies.

II.

How happy then are they, to whom
 The LORD for God is known !
 Whom he, from all the world besides,
 Has chosen for his own.

III.

Our soul on God with patience waits ;
 Our help and shield is he :
 Then, LORD, let still our hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in thee.

IV.

The riches of thy mercy, LORD,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. Com. Metre.

Encouragement to love and trust in God.

I.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

II.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress'd,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

III.

O magnify the LORD with me,
 With me exalt his name :
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

IV.

Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
 Who look'd to him for aid.
 Desir'd success in ev'ry face
 A cheerful air display'd.

V.

Behold (say they) behold the man
 Whom Providence reliev'd ;
 So dang'rously with woes beset,
 So wond'rously retriev'd !

VI.

The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.

VII.

O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide,
 How bless'd they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

PSALM XXXIV. Second Part. Com. Metre.

Holiness, and its Reward.

I.

APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
 And my instruction hear ;
 I'll teach you the true discipline
 Of God's religious fear.

II.

Let him who length of life desires,
 And prosp'rous days would see,
 From fland'ring language keep his tongue,
 His lips from falsehood free.

III.

The crooked paths of vice decline,
 And virtue's ways pursue:
 Establish peace, where 'tis begun;
 And where 'tis lost, renew.

IV.

The LORD from heav'n beholds the just
 With favourable eyes;
 And when distress'd, his gracious ear
 Is open to their cries.

V.

Deliv'rance to his faints he gives,
 When his relief they crave:
 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
 And contrite spirit save.

PSALM XXXV. Common Metre.

For Good Friday.

I.

FALSE witnessess, with forg'd complaints,
 Against my truth combin'd;
 And to my charge such things they laid
 As I had ne'er design'd.

II.

The good which I to them had done,
 With evil they repaid ;
 And did, by malice undeserv'd,
 My harmless life invade.

PSALM XXXVI. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

I.

O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 The highest orb of heav'n transcends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the sparkling skies extends.

II.

Thy justice like the hills remains ;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
 Thy providence the world sustains ;
 The whole creation is thy care.

III.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.

IV.

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall forever last.

V.

With thee the springs of life remain ;
 Thy presence is eternal day :
 O let thy saints thy favour gain ;
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM XXXVII. First Part. Six Line L. M.

God protects the good Man.

I.

A LITTLE, with God's favour bless'd,
 That's by one righteous man possess'd,
 The wealth of many bad excels ;
 For God supports the just man's cause,
 But as for those that break his laws,
 Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.

II.

The good man's way is God's delight ;
 He orders all the steps aright
 Of him that moves by his command :
 Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
 Ye shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd ;
 For God upholds him with his hand.

III.

In all thy ways trust then the LORD,
 And he will needful help afford,
 To perfect ev'ry just design :
 He'll make, like light serene and clear,
 Thy clouded innocence appear,
 And as a mid-day sun to shine.

PSALM XXXVII. Second Part. C. Metre.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright.

I.

TO thee, my God, my days are known ;
 My soul enjoys the thought ;
 My actions all before thy face,
 Nor are my faults forgot.

II.

Each secret breath devotion vents
 Is vocal to thine ear ;
 And all my walks of daily life
 Before thine eye appear.

III.

The vacant hour, the active scene,
 Thy mercy shall approve ;
 And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
 And ev'ry care of love.

IV.

Each golden hour of beaming light
 Is guided by thy rays ;
 And dark affliction's midnight gloom
 A present God surveys.

V.

Full in thy view through life I pass,
 And in thy view I die ;
 And when each mortal bond is broke,
 Shall find my God is nigh.

D

PSALM XXXIX. Common Metre.

The Mortality of Man.

I.

MY life, O God, is but a span,
A cipher fums my years ;
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

II.

Man like a shadow vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppres'd :
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

III.

Why should I then on worthless toys,
With anxious care attend ?
On thee alone my steadfast hopes
Shall ever, LORD, depend.

IV.

LORD, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my pray'r,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

PSALM XL. Long Metre.

Obedience the best Sacrifice.

I.

WHO can the wond'rous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought ?

The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

II.

I've learn'd that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd,
For man's transgression to atone.

III.

I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart :
'Tis my delight to do thy will ;
Thy law is written in my heart.

IV.

In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large ;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge :

V.

Nor kept within my breast confin'd
Thy faithfulness and saving grace ;
But preach'd thy love, for all design'd,
That all might that, and truth embrace.

PSALM' XLI. Common Metre.

Compassion to the Poor rewarded.

I.

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd :
When he's by troubles compass'd round,
The LORD shall give him rest.

II.

The LORD his life, with blessings crown'd,
 In safety shall prolong ;
 And disappoint the will of those
 That seek to do him wrong.

III.

If he in languishing estate,
 Oppress'd with sickness lie,
 The LORD will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.

PSALM XLII. First Part. Common Metre.

The Pleasure of publick Worship.

I.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.

II.

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine ;
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine !

III.

I sigh, whene'er my musing thoughts
 Those happy days present,
 When I with troops of pious friends
 Thy temple did frequent ;

IV.

When I advanc'd with songs of praise,
 My solemn vows to pay,
 And led the joyful sacred throng,
 That kept the festal day.

PSALM XLII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

Hope in Affliction.

I.

GOD of my strength, how long shall I
 Like one forgotten mourn?
 Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
 To my oppressor's scorn.

II.

My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword,
 Whilst thus my foes upbraid,
 Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
 And where his promis'd aid?

III.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIV. Common Metre.

In time of War.

I.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told
 In our attentive ears,
 Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
 And elder times than theirs.

II.

'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
 To them salvation gave ;
 Nor strength, that from unequal force,
 Their fainting troops could save :

III.

But thy right hand, and pow'rful arm
 Whose succour they implor'd ;
 Thy presence with the favour'd race,
 Who thy great name ador'd.

IV.

As thee their God our fathers own'd,
 Thou art our sov'reign King :
 O therefore, as thou didst to them,
 To us deliv'rance bring.

V.

We will not trust our bow or sword,
 When we in fight engage ;
 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd,
 And sham'd their spiteful rage.

VI.

To thee the triumph we ascribe,
 From whom the conquest came :
 In God we will rejoice all day,
 And ever bless thy name.

PSALM XLV. Long Metre.

The Glory of Christ's Kingdom.

I.

OUR hearts a grateful theme shall sing,
 The glories of our Saviour King ;
 Our tongues his merit shall proclaim,
 And speak the honours of his name.

II.

O'er all the sons of human race,
 He shines with a superiour grace ;
 Love from his lips divinely flows,
 And blessings all his state compose.

III.

Th' eternal God supports his throne :
 Our joyful hearts his sceptre own ;
 For all his laws and works are right ;
 Justice and truth are his delight.

IV.

God, his own God, has richly shed
 The oil of gladness on his head ;
 And with his sacred spirit bless'd
 His first born Son above the rest.

PSALM XLVI. Long Metre.

Thanksgiving for national Peace.

I.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies !
 A word of thine almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

II.

When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter dyes the hostile plain :

III.

Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their
 Thy law the angry nations own, [pow'r ;
 And noise and war are heard no more.

IV.

Then peace returns with balmy wings,
 Sweet peace ! with her what blessings fled !
 Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.

V.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous LORD !
 All move subservient to thy will ;
 Both peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

VI.

To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore :
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
 Confess thy goodness, and adore.

PSALM XLVI. Six Line Long Metre.

War and Peace.

I.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when dangers press :
 In him undaunted we'll confide ;
 Though earth were from her centre tofs'd,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

II.

In tumults when the nations rag'd,
 And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
 He thunder'd, and dispers'd their pow'rs.
 The LORD of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 Our fathers' guardian God and ours.

III.

Come, see the wonders he has wrought,
 On earth what desolation brought :
 How he has calm'd the jarring world :
 He broke the warlike spear and bow ;
 With them the thund'ring chariots too,
 Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

IV.

Submit to God's almighty sway ;
 For him the nations shall obey,
 And earth her sov'reign Lord confess.
 The LORD of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII. Long Metre.

Praise to the universal King.

I.

○ ALL ye people, clap your hands,
 And with triumphant voices sing ;
 No force the mighty pow'r withstands,
 Of God, the universal King.

II.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound ;
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song go round.

III.

Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
 For him who all the world commands,
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM XLIX. Common Metre.

The Vanity of Life and Riches.

I.

THOSE men that all their hope and trust
In heaps of treasure place,
And boast in triumph, when they see
Their ill-got wealth increase,

II.

Are yet unable from the grave
Their dearest friend to free ;
Nor can, by force of costly bribes,
Reverse God's firm decree.

III.

Their vain endeavours they must quit ;
The price is held too high :
No sums can purchase such a grant,
That man should never die.

IV.

Not wisdom can the wise exempt,
Nor fools their folly save ;
But both must perish, and in death
Their wealth to others leave.

PSALM LI. First Part. Short Metre.

A Penitent praying for Forgiveness.

I.

HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,
As thou wert ever kind ;

Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

II.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

III.

Against thee, LORD, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd ; and though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgments right.

IV.

Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

PSALM LI. Second Part. Short Metre.

Prayer for divine Assistance.

I.

WITHDRAW not, LORD, thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

II.

The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And let thy spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

III.

So I thy righteous ways
 To finners will impart ;
 Whilst my advice shall wicked men
 To thy just laws convert.

IV.

Do thou unlock my lips,
 With sorrow clos'd, and shame ;
 So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise
 To all the world proclaim.

V.

A broken spirit is
 By God most highly priz'd ;
 By him a broken contrite heart
 Shall never be despis'd.

PSALM LVII. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his Mercy and Truth.

I.

BE thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd ;
 Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

II.

Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute :
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.

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III.

Thy praises, LORD, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round :
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends ;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

IV.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd ;
 Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM LXI. Short Metre.

Safety in God.

I.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless and far from all relief,
 To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

II.

O lead me to the rock,
 That's high above my head ;
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.

III.

Within thy presence, LORD,
 For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

IV.

I'll always sing thy praise,
 Thy name for ever-blefs ;
 Devote my prosp'rous days to pay
 The vows of my distrefs.

PSALM LXII. Long Metre.

No Trust but in God.

I.

GOD does his saving health difpenfe,
 And flowing bleffings daily fend ;
 He is my fortrefs and defence,
 On him my foul fhall ftill depend.

II.

In him, ye people, always trust ;
 Before his throne pour out your hearts ;
 For God, the merciful and juft,
 His timely aid to us imparts.

III.

The vulgar fickle are and frail ;
 The great diffemble and betray ;
 And, laid in truth's impartial fcale,
 The lighteft things will both outweigh.

IV.

Then trust not in oppreffive ways ;
 By fpoil and rapine grow not vain ;
 Nor let your hearts, if wealth increafe,
 Be fet too much upon your gain.

V.

For God has oft his will exprefs'd,
 And I this truth have fully known ;
 To be of boundless pow'r possess'd,
 Belongs of right to God alone.

VI.

Though mercy is his darling grace,
 In which he chiefly takes delight ;
 Yet will he all the human race,
 According to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII. Six Line Long Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

I.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;
 To thee my soul its homage pays :
 Because to me thy wond'rous love,
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

II.

My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God, I will employ ;
 With lifted hands adore his name :
 My soul's content shall be as great
 As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

III.

When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, LORD, art present to my mind ;

And when I wake in dead of night :
Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXV. First Part. Long Metre.

Publick Worship.

I.

O GOD, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

II.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson die.

III.

Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives !
Whilst we, at humble distance taste
The vast delights thy worship gives.

PSALM LXV. Second Part. Long Metre.

Thanks for Rain and fruitful Seasons.

I.

O GOD, from out thy boundless store
 Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground ;
 Makes lands that barren were before,
 With corn and useful fruits abound.

II.

On rising ridges down it pours,
 And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills :
 Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,
 In which a blest increase distils.

III.

Thy goodness does the circling year
 With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
 And where thy glorious paths appear,
 Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

IV.

They drop on barren forests, chang'd
 By them to pastures fresh and green :
 The hills about, in order rang'd,
 In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

V.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
 The cheerful downs ; the vallies bring
 A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
 And seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI. Common Metre.

The Power and Sovereignty of God.

I.

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise ;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

II.

And let them say, how dreadful, LORD,
In all thy works, art thou !
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

III.

Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confess,
And with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

IV.

O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men
Has wond'rous judgments shown.

V.

He by his pow'r for ever rules ;
His eyes the world survey :
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against his sov'reign sway.

PSALM LXVII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

I.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, LORD, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine :

II.

That so thy wond'rous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

III.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

IV.

O let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

V.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

PSALM LXVIII. Long Metre.

The Compassion of God.

I.

TO God your voice in anthems raise :
 JEHOVAH'S awful name he bears :
 In him rejoice, extol his praise,
 Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

II.

Him, from his empire of the skies,
 To this low world compassion draws,
 The orphan's claim to patronize,
 And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

III.

'Tis God, who from a foreign soil
 Restores poor exiles to their home ;
 Makes captives free ; and fruitless toil,
 Their proud oppressor's righteous doom.

IV.

For benefits each day bestow'd,
 Be daily his great name ador'd !
 Who is our Saviour, and our God,
 Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXIX. Long Metre.

For Good Friday.

I.

LORD, hear the humble pray'r I make,
 For thy transcending goodness' sake ;
 Relieve thy supplicant once more
 From thy abounding mercy's store.

II.

Nor from thy servant hide thy face ;
 Make haste, for desp'rate is my case ;
 Thy timely succour interpose,
 And shield me from remorseless foes.

III.

Reproach and grief have broke my heart ;
 I look'd for some to take my part,
 To pity, or relieve my pain ;
 But look'd, alas ! for both in vain.

IV.

With hunger pin'd, for food I call ;
 Instead of food, they gave me gall ;
 And when with thirst my spirits sink,
 They give me vinegar to drink.

PSALM LXXI. Common Metre.

The Reflection and Hope of the Aged.

I.

IN thee I put my steadfast trust ;
 Defend me, LORD, from shame :
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul ;
 For righteous is thy name.

II.

Be thou my strong abiding-place,
 To which I may resort :
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
 Thou art my rock and fort.

III.

Thy constant care did safely guard
 My tender infant days ;
 Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
 To sing thy constant praise.

IV.

While some on me with wonder gaze,
 Thy hand supports me still :
 Thy honour therefore, and thy praise,
 My mouth shall always fill.

V.

Reject not then, thy servant, LORD,
 When I with age decay :
 Forsake me not, when, worn with years,
 My vigour fades away.

PSALM LXXII. Long Metre.

The Kingdom of Christ.

I.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
 Till ev'ry land his rule shall own.

II.

The sceptre well becomes his hands,
 And wise and good are his commands ;
 His laws protect the humble poor,
 And bid oppression rage no more.

III.

They form to righteousness the mind,
 To all that's candid, gentle, kind ;
 Inspire with love the human breast,
 And stormy passions sooth to rest.

IV.

As gentle rain on parching ground,
 His gospel sheds its influence round ;
 Its grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

V.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
 The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And contrite hearts with peace are blest.

VI.

Great God, may men of ev'ry tongue
 Dwell on thy love with grateful song,
 And with united hearts proclaim,
 That grace and truth by Jesus came.

PSALM LXXIII. Long Metre.

God our Portion.

I.

LORD, whom in heav'n, but thee alone,
 Have I, whose favour I require ?
 Throughout the spacious earth there's none
 That I, besides thee, can desire.

II.

My trembling flesh, and aching heart,
 May often fail to succour me ;
 But God shall inward strength impart,
 And my eternal portion be.

III.

For they that far from thee remove,
 Shall into sudden ruin fall :
 If after other gods they rove,
 Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

IV.

But as for me, 'tis good and just,
 That I should still to God repair,
 In him I always put my trust,
 And will his wond'rous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV. Long Metre.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons of the Year.

I.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear :
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

II.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole :
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

III.

The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

IV.

Thy hand in autumn, richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horreur wear.

V.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive hymns of praise :
 Still be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light, and evening shade.

VI.

O may our more harmonious tongues
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs :
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

PSALM LXXVII. Common Metre.

Comfort from past Providences.

I.

HAS God for ever cast me off ?
 Withdrawn his favour quite ?
 Are both his mercy and his truth
 Retir'd to endless night ?

II.

Can his long practis'd love forget
 Its wonted aids to bring ?
 Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
 His mercy's healing spring ?

III.

I said, my weakness hints these fears ;
 But I'll these fears disband ;
 I'll yet remember the Most High,
 And years of his right hand.

IV.

I'll call to mind his works of old,
 The wonders of his might ;
 On them my heart shall meditate,
 My tongue shall them recite.

V.

Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
 O God, thy counsels are !
 Who is so great a God as ours ?
 Who can with him compare ?

PSALM LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Religious Education of Children.

I.

HEAR, O my people ; to my law
 Devout attention lend ;
 Let the instruction of my mouth
 Deep in your hearts descend.

II.

My tongue, by inspiration taught,
 Shall parables unfold,
 Dark oracles, but understood,
 And own'd for truths of old ;

III.

Which we from sacred registers
 Of ancient times have known,
 And our forefathers' pious care
 To us has handed down.

IV.

We will not hide them from our sons ;
 Our offspring shall be taught
 The praises of the LORD, whose strength
 Has works of wonder wrought.

V.

And generations yet to come
 Shall to their unborn heirs
 Religiously transmit the same,
 And they again to theirs.

PSALM LXXIX. Common Metre.

Prayer for Deliverance from Sin.

I.

O THINK not on our former sins,
 But speedily prevent
 The utter ruin of thy saints,
 Who now with grief repent.

II.

Thou God of our salvation, help,
 And free our souls from blame ;
 So shall our pardon and defence
 Exalt thy glorious name.

III.

So we thy people and thy flock
 Shall ever praise thy name ;
 And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
 From age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX. Long Metre.

Prayer for Conversion.

I.

DO thou convert us, LORD, do thou
 The lustre of thy face display ;
 And all the ills we suffer now,
 Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

II.

To thee, O God of hosts, we pray ;
 Our contrite hearts with pity view :
 From heav'n, thy throne, our tears survey,
 And us with holiness renew.

III.

So shall we still continue free
 From whatsoe'er deserves thy blame ;
 And if once more reviv'd by thee,
 Will always praise thy holy name.

IV.

Do thou convert us, LORD, do thou
 The lustre of thy face display ;
 And all the ills we suffer now,
 Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXI. Common Metre.

Praise to God.

I.

TO God, our never-failing strength
 With loud applauses sing ;
 And jointly make a cheerful noise
 To heav'n's eternal King.

II.

Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
 Your instruments of joy ;
 Let psalteries and pleasant harps
 Your grateful skill employ.

III.

Let trumpets at the great new moon
 Their joyful voices raise,
 To celebrate th' appointed time,
 The solemn day of praise.

PSALM LXXXII. Common Metre.

Warning to Magistrates.

I.

GOD in the great assembly stands,
 Where his impartial eye

In state surveys the earthly gods,
And does their judgments try.

II.

How dare ye then unjustly judge,
Or be to sinners kind ?

Defend the orphans and the poor :
Let such your justice find.

III.

Protect the humble helpless man,
Reduc'd to deep distress ;
And let not him become a prey
To such as would oppress.

IV.

Arise, and thy just judgments, LORD,
Throughout the earth display ;
And all the nations of the world
Shall own thy righteous sway.

PSALM LXXXIV. Common Metre.

Delight in the Worship of God.

I.

O LORD of hosts, my King and God,
How highly bless'd are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display !

II.

Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead !

III.

For in thy courts one single day
 'Tis better to attend,
 Than, LORD, in any place besides
 A thousand days to spend.

IV.

Much rather in God's house will I
 The meanest office take,
 Than in the wealthy tents of sin
 My pompous dwelling make.

V.

For God, who is our sun and shield,
 Will grace and glory give ;
 And no good thing will he withhold
 From them that justly live.

VI.

Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How highly blest'd is he,
 Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
 Are still repos'd on thee !

PSALM LXXXIV. Hallelujah Metre.

Delight in the Worship of God.

I.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love
 To pious spirits are !

To thine abode
 Their hearts aspire,
 With warm desire
 To see their God.

II.

O happy souls that pray,
 As God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their worship in his fear!
 How sweet must be
 Their pray'r and praise,
 Whose hearts and ways
 Are right with thee!

III.

The righteous he approves,
 He hears them when they cry,
 And will to those he loves,
 No real good deny.
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. Common M

Prayer for publick Deliverance

I.

THY gracious favour, LORD
 Which we have long imp
 And for thy wond'rous mer
 Thy wonted aid afford.

II.

God's answer patiently I'll wait ;
 For he, with good success,
 If they no more to folly turn,
 His mourning faints will bless.

III.

To all that fear his holy name,
 His sure salvation's near ;
 And in its former happy state
 Our nation shall appear.

IV.

For mercy now with truth is join'd ;
 And righteousness with peace,
 Like kind companions absent long,
 With friendly arms embrace.

V.

Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n
 Shall streams of justice pour ;
 And God, from whom all goodness flows,
 Shall endless plenty show'r.

VI.

Before him righteousness shall march,
 And his just paths prepare ;
 And his holy steps pursue
 With constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI. First Part. Com. Met.

The Compassion of God.

I.

O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
 Who dost our cares control,
 And with the cheerful smile of peace
 Revive the fainting soul!

II.

Did ever thine indulgent ear
 The humble plea disdain?
 Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
 Or supplicate, in vain?

III.

Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
 In penitential tears,
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.

IV.

New life from thy refreshing grace
 Our sinking hearts receive;
 Thy gentlest, best lov'd attribute,
 To pity and forgive.

V.

From that bless'd source, propitious hope
 Appears serenely bright,
 And sheds her soft and cheering beam
 O'er sorrow's dismal night.

VI.

Our griefs confess their vital pow'r,
 And bless the friendly ray,
 Which ushers in the smiling morn
 Of everlasting day.

PSALMLXXXVI. Second Part. Com. Met.

The only true God.

I.

THEE will I praise, O LORD my God,
 Praise thee with heart sincere ;
 And to thy everlasting name
 Eternal trophies rear.

II.

Among the gods there's none like thee,
 O LORD, alone divine !
 To thee as much inferiour they,
 As are their works to thine.

III.

Therefore their great Creator thee,
 The nations shall adore ;
 Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
 To thy bless'd name restore.

IV.

All shall confess thee great, and great
 The wonders thou hast done ;
 Confess thee God, thee God supreme,
 Confess thee God alone.

PSALM LXXXVI. Second Part. Long Met.

The one living and true God.

I.

ETERNAL God, almighty cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown ;
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.

II.

Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess'd ;
Controll'd by none in thy commands ;
And in thyself completely blest'd.

III.

Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

IV.

LORD, spread thy name through heathen
Their idol deities dethrone ; [lands ;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

PSALM LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Reanimation.

I.

TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night address my cry :

G

Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear.

II.

For seas of trouble me invade,
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade.
Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead.

III.

Like those who shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have ;
Cast off from thy sustaining care,
Down to the confines of despair.

IV.

Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive ?
From death restore, thy praise to sing,
Whom thou from prison would'st not bring ?

V.

Shall the mute grave thy love confess ?
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness ?
Thy truth and power renown obtain,
Where darkness and oblivion reign ?

PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. Long Metre.

The Mercy and Truth of God.

I.

THY mercies, LORD, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell ;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

II.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
 Thy mercy shall for ever last ;
 Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.

III.

For such stupendous truth and love,
 Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled saints below.

PSALM LXXXIX. Second Part. L. Metre.

The Sovereignty of God, and publick Worship.

I.

WHAT seraph of celestial birth
 To vie with thee, O God, shall dare ?
 Or who among the gods of earth,
 With our almighty LORD compare ?

II.

LORD God of armies, who can boast
 Of strength or pow'r, like thine renown'd ?
 Of such a num'rous faithful host,
 As that which does thy throne surround ?

III.

Thou dost the lawless sea control,
 And change the prospect of the deep ;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

IV.

In thee the sov'reign right remains
 Of earth and heav'n ; thee, LORD, alone,
 The world and all that it contains,
 Their maker and preserver own.

V.

Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand ;
 Yet, LORD, thou dost with justice reign :
 Possess'd of absolute command,
 Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

VI.

Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
 Thy sacred trumpet's joyful-sound ;
 Who may at festivals appear,
 With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

VII.

With rev'rence and religious dread,
 Thy faints will to thy temple press ;
 Thy fear through all their hearts shall spread,
 Who thine almighty name confess.

PSALM XC. First Part. Common Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

I.

O LORD, the favour and defence
 Of us thy chosen race,
 From age to age thou still hast been
 Our sure abiding place.

II.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or earth receiv'd its frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

III.

Thou turnest man, O LORD, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

IV.

For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

V.

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood ;
We vanish hence like dreams ;
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams :

VI.

But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
Before the ev'ning close.

PSALM XC. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

I.

OUR term of time is seventy years,
 An age that few survive ;
 But if, with more than common strength,
 To eighty we arrive ;

II.

Yet then our boasted strength decays,
 To sorrow turn'd and pain :
 So soon the slender thread is cut,
 And we no more remain.

III.

But who thy anger's dread effects
 Does, as he ought, revere ?
 And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
 As more or less we fear.

IV.

So teach us, LORD, th' uncertain sum
 Of our short days to mind,
 That to true wisdom all our hearts
 May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM XC. Third Part. Common Metre.

Prayer for divine Mercy and Assistance.

I.

O TO thy servants, LORD, return,
 And speedily relent !

As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

II.

To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send ;
That we may all our days to come,
In joy and comfort spend.

III.

Let happy times with large amends
Dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the least the term
Of our afflicted years.

IV.

To all thy servants, LORD, let this
Thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious pow'r be shown.

V.

Let thy bright rays upon us shine ;
Give thou our work success ;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM XCI. Six Line Long Metre.

Safety amidst publick Diseases and Dangers.

I.

HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,

Secure and undisturb'd abide.
 Thus to my soul, of him I'll say,
 He is my fortress and my stay,
 My God, in whom I will confide.

II.

His tender love and watchful care
 Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence ;
 He over thee his wings shall spread,
 And cover thy unguarded head ;
 His truth shall be thy strong defence.

III.

No terrors that surprize by night,
 Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
 Nor deadly shafts that fly by day ;
 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
 In darkness, nor infectious ills
 That in the hottest season flay.

PSALM XCII. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day.

I.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the LORD most high ;
 And with repeated hymns of praise,
 His name to magnify.

II.

With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
 His goodness to relate ;

And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat.

III.

To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

IV.

For through thy wond'rous works, O LORD,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

PSALM XCIII. Long Metre.

The Eternity and Sovereignty of God.

I.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The LORD, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabrick still sustains.

II.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne !
Which shall no change or period see ;
For thou, O LORD, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

III.

The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

IV.

Thy promise, LORD, is ever sure ;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV. Common Metre.

The Blessedness of Affliction.

I.

BLESS'D is the man whom thou, O LORD,
 In kindness dost chastise,
 And by thy sacred rules to walk
 Dost lovingly advise.

II.

This man shall rest and safety find
 In seasons of distress ;
 Whilst God prepares a pit for those
 That stubbornly transgress.

III.

For God will never from his saints
 His favour wholly take ;
 His own possession and his lot,
 He will not quite forsake.

IV.

The world shall then confess thee just
 In all that thou hast done ;
 And those that choose thy upright ways,
 Shall in those paths go on.

PSALM XCV. Long Metre.

Publick Worship.

I.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

II.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

III.

For God the LORD, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrivall'd glory, great ;
A King superiour far to all
Whom by his title, God, we call.

IV.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

V.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is his ;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

VI.

O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the LORD our Maker fall.

PSALM XCVI. Ninth Metre.

Praise to the Supreme Ruler and Judge.

I.

SING to the LORD a new-made song ;
 Let earth, in one assembled throng,
 Her common patron's praise resound.
 Sing to the LORD, and bless his name,
 From day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who us has with salvation crown'd.
 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.

II.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd ;
 In majesty and glory rais'd
 Above all other deities.
 For pageantry and idols all
 Are they whom gods the heathen call :
 He only rules who made the skies.
 With majesty and honour crown'd,
 Beauty and strength his throne surround.

III.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
 Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
 And banish'd justice will restore.
 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;
 Its loud applause the ocean roar ;
 Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for this triumph find a voice.

IV.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
 The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
 The LORD's approach to celebrate,
 Who now sets out with awful state,
 His circuit through the earth to take.
 From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
 With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVI. Tenth Metre.

Praise to the supreme Ruler and Judge.

I.

O SING to the LORD a new song,
 Let th' universe join in the strain,
 Each day the glad tribute prolong,
 His wonders, his glory maintain.
 Let gratitude bless the kind pow'r
 From whom our salvation descends :

How great is the God we adore !

How rich are the blessings he sends !

II.

In the beauty of holiness bow ;

O worship with fear and with love ;

How solemn his temples below !

How glorious his presence above !

Proclaim to the nations around,

That our God th' omnipotent reigns,

Whose righteousness space cannot bound,

Whose purpose unalter'd remains.

III.

O let the wide heavens rejoice,

The earth with her myriads be glad,

Old ocean shall join his loud voice,

And the woods in rich verdure be clad :

Rejoice ! for the LORD is at hand ;

Prepare, for his judgment is nigh :

Before him all nations shall stand ;

No guilt from his justice can fly.

PSALM XCVII. Long Metre.

The Majesty of God's Kingdom, and the Rewards of Righteousness.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth

In his just government rejoice ;

Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

II.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

III.

Thou, O our God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthron'd ;
Thou, LORD, unrivall'd in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

IV.

You who to serve this LORD aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem :
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

V.

For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just ;
And gladness to the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

VI.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD ;
Memorials of his holiness,
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII. Common Metre.

The Power and Salvation of God.

I.

SING to the LORD a new-made song,
 Who wond'rous things has done ;
 With his right hand and holy arm,
 The conquest he has won.

II.

The LORD has through th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathen's fight.

III.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their Maker's praise.

IV.

Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
 With all that seas contain ;
 The earth and her inhabitants
 In concert with the main.

V.

With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
 To spreading torrents they ;
 And echoing vales, from hill to hill,
 Redoubled shouts convey ;

VI.

To welcome down the world's great Judge,
 Who does with justice come,
 And with impartial equity,
 Both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX. Short Metre.

The Holiness of God.

I.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
 And holy is his throne :
 Let all the nations humbly fear,
 And worship him alone.

II.

Let all with praise address
 His great and dreadful name ;
 His wisdom, pow'r, and majesty,
 And holiness proclaim.

III.

Exalt the LORD our God,
 Before his footstool fall ;
 His mercy, truth, and faithfulness,
 And holiness extol.

IV.

With worship at his courts,
 Exalt our God and LORD ;
 For he who only holy is,
 Alone should be ador'd.

PSALM C. Long Metre.

Praise to our Creator.

I.

BEFORE Jehovah's lofty throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
 Know that the LORD is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.

II.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

III.

We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name !

IV.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with founding praise.

V.

Wide as the world is thy command !
 Vast as eternity thy love !
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move,

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

Just Rulers encourage good Men.

I.

WHEN, LORD, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise discipline my reign shall guide ;
With blameless life myself I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.

II.

No ill design will I pursue,
Nor those my fav'rites make that do.
Who to reproof has no regard,
Him will I totally discard.

III.

The private slanderer shall be
In publick justice doom'd by me :
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,
And mortify the heart of pride.

IV.

But honesty, call'd from her cell,
In splendour at my court shall dwell :
Who virtue's practice make their care,
Shall have the first preferments there.

V.

No politicks shall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend :
None e'er shall to my favour rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies.

PSALM CII. Common Metre.

The Immutability of God.

I.

THROUGH endless years thou art the
 O ever blessed God ! [same,
 Ages to come shall sound thy praise,
 And tell thy works abroad.

II.

The strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid ;
 Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
 With wond'rous skill have made.

III.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
 They soon shall pass away ;
 And like a garment often worn,
 Shall tarnish and decay.

IV.

Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
 To thy command they bend ;
 But thou continu'st still the same,
 Nor have thy years an end.

V.

Thou to the children of thy saints
 Shalt lasting quiet give ;
 Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
 Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM CIII. First Part. Long Metre.

The Mercy of God.

I.

THE LORD abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace :
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

II.

God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide,
More by his love than our desert.

III.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay ;
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

IV.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as fear'd him always lov'd.

V.

For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay ;
How fresh so'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flow'rs must fade away.

PSALM CIII. Second Part. Long Metre.

Angelick Praise.

I.

THE LORD, the universal King,
 In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.

II.

Ye that his just commands obey,
 And hear and do his sacred will;
 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.

III.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
 The mighty LORD; and thou, my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,
 And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV. First Part. Long Metre.

The Majesty of God.

I.

BLESS God, my soul; thou, LORD, alone
 Possessest empire without bounds;
 With honour thou art crown'd; thy throne
 Eternal majesty surrounds.

II.

With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
 And glory for a garment take;

Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

III.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

IV.

As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd ;
All proud to serve their sov'reign's will.

PSALM CIV. Second Part. Eighth Metre.

The Blessing of Rain and Fountains.

I.

GOD's providence fix'd
The stream and its source ;
The sea knows its bounds,
The rivers their course ;
Convey'd through dark conduits,
Springs rise on the hills ;
They burst in the fountains,
They fall in the rills.

II.

The beasts of the wild
Their forest forsake ;
The herd quits the field,
To drink of the lake ;

On trees crown'd with verdure,
 Its margin along,
 Birds, warbling sweet musick,
 Praise God in their song.

III.

Descending on hills,
 Clouds plenteousness pour ;
 All nature revives,
 Earth smiles in the show'r ;
 A garment of verdure
 Apparels the plain,
 Fruits swell in the garden,
 Fields wave with their grain.

PSALM CIV. Third Part. Long Metre.

For Husbandmen.

I.

GRASS, for our cattle to devour,
 God makes the growth of ev'ry field ;
 Herbs, for man's use, of various pow'r,
 That either food or physick yield.

II.

With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,
 To cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares ;
 Gives oil that makes his face to shine,
 And corn that wasted strength repairs.

III.

The trees of God, without the care
 Or art of man, with sap are fed :
 The mountain cedar looks as fair,
 As those in royal gardens bred.

IV.

The moon's inconstant aspect shows
 Th' appointed seasons of the year ;
 Th' instructed sun his duty knows,
 His hours to rise and disappear.

V.

Forth to the tillage of his soil,
 The husbandman securely goes,
 Commencing with the sun his toil,
 With him returns to his repose.

VI.

How various, LORD, thy works are found ;
 For which thy wisdom we adore !
 The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
 Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

PSALM CIV. Fourth Part. Long Metre.

For Seamen.

I.

O GOD, the vast unfathom'd main
 Of wonders a new scene supplies,
 Whose depths inhabitants contain,
 Of ev'ry form and ev'ry size.

II.

Full freighted ships from ev'ry port,
 There cut their unmolested way ;
 Leviathan, whom there to sport
 Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.

III.

The various troops of sea and land,
 In sense of common want agree ;
 All wait on thy dispensing hand,
 And have their daily alms from thee.

IV.

They gather what thy stores disperse,
 Without their trouble to provide :
 Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
 The craving world, is all supply'd.

PSALM CIV. Fifth Part. Long Metre.

The universal Providence of God.

I.

THOU, LORD, a moment hid'st thy face,
 The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn :
 Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
 Forthwith to mother earth return.

II.

Again thou send'st thy spirit forth,
 T' inspire the mass with vital seed ;
 Nature's restor'd, and parent earth
 Smiles on her new-created breed.

III.

Thus through successive ages stands
 Firm fix'd thy providential care ;
 Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
 Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

IV.

One look of thine, one wrathful look,
 Earth's panting breast with terrour fills ;
 One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke,
 In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

V.

In praising God, while he prolongs
 My breath, I will that breath employ ;
 And join devotion to my songs,
 Sincere, as in him is my joy.

PSALM CV. Common Metre.

Seeking God.

I.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the LORD ;
 Invoke his sacred name ;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

II.

Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns
 His wond'rous works rehearse ;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.

III.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd ;
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
 That humbly seek the LORD.

IV.

Seek ye the LORD, his saving strength
 Devoutly still implore ;
 And where he's ever present, seek
 His face for evermore.

V.

The wonders that his hands have wrought,
 Keep thankfully in mind ;
 The righteous statutes of his mouth,
 And laws to us assign'd.

PSALM CVI. Long Metre.

*Praise to God, and the Happiness of the
 Righteous.*

I.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love ;
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

II.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast, but numberless ?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise ?

III.

Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy judgments never stray ;
 Who know what's right ; nor only so,
 But always practise what they know.

IV.

Extend to me that favour, LORD,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy salvation visit me.

PSALM CVII. First Part. Long Metre.

For Captives in War.

I.

TO God your grateful voices raise,
 Who does your daily patron prove ;
 And let your never-ceasing praise
 Attend on his eternal love.

II.

Let those give thanks whom he from bands
 Of proud oppressing foes releas'd ;
 And brought them back from distant lands,
 From north and south, and west and east.

III.

Through lonely desert ways they went,
 Nor could a peopled city find ;
 Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,
 Their fainting souls within them pin'd.

IV.

Then soon to God's indulgent ear
 Did they their mournful cry address ;
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
 And freed them from their deep distress.

V.

From crooked paths he led them forth,
 And in the certain way did guide,
 To wealthy towns of great resort,
 Where all their wants were well supplied.

VI.

O then that all the earth with me
 Would God for this his goodness praise !
 And for the mighty works which he
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

PSALM CVII. Second Part. Long Metre.

For Prisoners.

I.

SOME lie, with darkness compass'd round,
 In death's uncomfortable shade ;
 And with unwieldy fetters bound,
 By pressing cares more heavy made.

II.

Then soon to God's indulgent ear,
 Did they their mournful cry address ;
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
 And freed them from their deep distress.

III.

From dismal dungeons, dark as night,
 And shades as black as death's abode,
 He brought them forth to cheerful light,
 And welcome liberty bestow'd.

IV.

O then that all the earth with me
 Would God for this his goodness praise!
 And for the mighty works which he
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

PSALM CVII. Third Part. Common Metre.

Intemperance chastized and reformed.

I.

BENEATH God's terrours doom'd to
 Behold th' intemp'rate band, [groan,
 The fruits of folly reap, and own
 The justice of his hand.

II.

From food estrang'd, their languid soul
 The needful meal foregoes ;
 Life feels its current faintly roll,
 And hastens to its close.

III.

Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r,
 And nature joyous sees
 His word her ruin'd strength repair,
 Her fiercest tortures ease.

IV.

O then that all would bless his name,
 Who thus his mercy prove ;
 And still from age to age proclaim
 The wonders of his love.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. Long Metre.

For Seamen.

I.

THEY that in ships, with courage bold,
 O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
 Do God's amazing works behold,
 And in the deep his wonders view.

II.

No sooner his command is past,
 But forth the dreadful tempest flies,
 Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
 And makes the stormy billows rise.

III.

Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to heav'n,
 On tops of mountain waves appear ;
 Then down the steep abyss are driv'n,
 Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.

IV.

They reel and stagger to and fro,
 Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd ;
 Nor do the skilful seamen know
 Which way to steer, what course is best.

V.

Then straight to God's indulgent ear
 They do their mournful cry address ;
 Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
 And frees them from their deep distress.

VI.

He does the raging storm appease,
 And makes the billows calm and still ;
 With joy they see their fury cease,
 And their intended course fulfil.

VII.

O then that all the earth with me
 Would God for this his goodness praise !
 And for the mighty works which he
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

PSALM CVIII. Common Metre.

Praise to God : a Morning Psalm.

I.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy name ;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

II.

Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay ;
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy
 Prevent the dawning day.

III.

To all the list'ning tribes, O LORD,
 Thy wonders I will tell,
 And to those nations sing thy praise
 That round about us dwell :

IV.

Because thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heav'n transcends,
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful truth extends.

V.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame ;
 And let the world, with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CIX. Common Metre.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

I.

THOU caufest, LORD, thy sun to shine,
 Thy rain on them to fall,
 Who most transgress the law divine ;
 For thou art good to all.

II.

Thine image in thy Son we view,
 Who full of grace was found,
 When slanders, cruel as untrue,
 Encompas'd him around.

PSALM CXIII. Six Line Long Metre.

The Majesty and Goodness of God.

I.

YE faints and servants of the LORD,
The triumphs of his name record :

His sacred name for ever blefs.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

II.

God through the world extends his sway :
The regions of eternal day

But shadows of his glory are.
To him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

III.

His goodness, equal to his pow'r,

Loads with its blessings ev'ry hour,

And spreads the wide creation o'er.

On the whole earth his bounties rest,

Through the whole earth his name be blest'd ;

Since all receive, let all adore.

PSALM CXVI. Common Metre.

*The divine Deliverances gratefully acknowl-
edged.*

I.

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possess'd,
Because the LORD vouchsaf'd to hear
The voice of my request.

II.

Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my pray'r.

III.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secur'd,
And dry'd my eyes from tears.

IV.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name,
And in his service spend.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all Nations.

I.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise;

Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

II.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM. CXVIII. First Part. Com. Metre.

Trusting in God.

I.

O PRAISE the LORD; for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay :
That his kind favours ever last,
My thankful heart shall say.

II.

To God I made my humble moan,
With troubles quite oppress'd ;
And he releas'd me from my straits,
And granted my request.

III.

Since therefore God does on my side
So graciously appear,
Why should the vain attempts of men
Possess my soul with fear ?

IV.

For better 'tis to trust in God,
 And have the LORD our friend,
 Than on the greatest human power
 For safety to depend.

PSALM CXVIII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

For the Lord's Day.

I.

THAT which the builders once refus'd,
 Is now the corner stone :
 This is the wond'rous work of God,
 The work of God alone.

II.

This day is God's ; let all the land
 Exalt their cheerful voice :
 LORD, we beseech thee, save us now,
 And make us still rejoice.

III.

Thou art my LORD, O God, and still
 I'll praise thy holy name ;
 Because thou only art my God,
 I'll celebrate thy fame.

IV.

O then with me give thanks to God,
 Who still does gracious prove ;
 And let the tribute of our praise
 Be endless as his love.

PSALM CXIX. First Part. Com. Metre.

The Happiness of a virtuous Life.

I.

HOW blest'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way !
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray !

II.

Thrice blest'd ! who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been !
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour fought to win !

III.

Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed ;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

IV.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, LORD,
To learn thy sacred will ;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

V.

O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside !
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide !

VI.

Then with assurance should I walk,
 From all confusion free ;
 Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
 With thy commands agree.

PSALM CXIX. Second Part. Com. Metre.

How the Young may be preserved from Sin.

I.

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
 From all pollution free ?
 By making still their course of life
 With thy commands agree.

II.

With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
 To thee for succour pray ;
 O suffer not my careless steps
 From thy right paths to stray.

III.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
 Thy word, my treasure, lies ;
 To succour me with timely aid,
 When sinful thoughts arise.

IV.

Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
 Shall ever bless thy name :
 O teach me then by thy just laws
 My future life to frame.

PSALM CXIX. Third Part. Com. Metre.

Prayer for divine Direction.

I.

INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, LORD,
Thy righteous paths display ;
And I from them through all my life,
Will never go astray.

II.

If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

III.

Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead ;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

IV.

Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart ;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

V.

From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays ;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth Part. Com. Metre.

The Benefit of Afflictions.

I.

WITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O LORD ;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.

II.

Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplin'd,
Thy precepts to obey.

III.

'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

IV.

The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
Of more esteem I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth Part. Common Metre.

The Immutability of God and his Law.

I.

FOR ever and for ever, LORD,
Unchang'd thou dost remain ;

Thy word, establish'd in the heav'ns,
Does all their orbs sustain.

II.

Through circling ages, LORD, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth which thou uphold'st
By thine almighty hand.

III.

All things the course by thee ordain'd,
Ev'n to this day fulfil ;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

IV.

I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below :
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

PSALM CXIX. Sixth Part. Common Metre.

The Perfection of the divine Law.

I.

THE wonders which thy laws contain,
No words can represent ;
Therefore to practise them, O LORD,
My zealous heart is bent.

II.

The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,

And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.

III.

With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainted with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

IV.

Directed by thy heav'nly word,
Let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

PSALM CXXI. Hallelujah Metre.

God our Preserver.

I.

UPWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundation's laid.

God is the tow'r
To which we fly ;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

II.

Our feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,

Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.

Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Our lives shall keep,
When dangers rise.

III.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take our health away,
While God is pleas'd to spare :
The same his grace,
The same his pow'r,
At ev'ry hour,
In ev'ry place.

IV.

Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save our souls from death ?
And we can trust thee, LORD,
To keep our mortal breath.
We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call us home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

For the Morning of the Lord's Day.

I.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 Let us in God's own house appear,
 And keep the solemn day.

II.

I choose the path his saints have trod,
 And go to seek his face ;
 For there our Father and our God,
 Reveals his wond'rous grace.

III.

Up to his courts with joys unknown,
 His servants shall repair,
 And humbly bow before his throne
 In thankfulness and pray'r.

IV.

Their pray'rs and praises while he hears,
 His kind paternal voice
 Dispels the contrite sinner's fears,
 And bids his saints rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest !
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
 Be her attendants blest'd !

VI.

My soul shall love his churches still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 Their station there my brethren fill,
 And there my Father reigns.

PSALM CXXIV. Common Metre.

Deliverance from Enemies.

I.

HAD not the LORD, we now may say,
 Been pleas'd to interpose,
 Had he not then espous'd our cause,
 When men against us rose,

II.

Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
 And rag'd without control ;
 Their spite and pride's united floods
 Had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.

III.

But prais'd be our eternal LORD,
 Who rescu'd us that day,
 Nor to their savage jaws gave up
 Our threaten'd lives a prey.

IV.

Our soul is like a bird escap'd
 From out the fowler's net ;
 The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,
 And we at freedom set.

V.

Secure in his almighty name,
 Our confidence remains,
 Who, as he made both heav'n and earth,
 Of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

*The Just, though oppressed by the Wicked,
 shall finally be happy.*

I.

O GOD, the souls that trust in thee,
 Like mountains firm shall stand ;
 Like them immoveable be fix'd
 By thine almighty hand.

II.

The wicked may afflict the just,
 But ne'er too long oppress,
 Nor force him by despair to seek
 Base means for his redress.

III.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
 Who righteous deeds affect ;
 The heart that innocence retains,
 Let innocence protect.

IV.

All those who walk in crooked paths,
 The LORD shall soon destroy ;
 Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
 With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Weeping Seed-time, joyful Harvest.

I.

THE darken'd sky, how thick it low'rs !
 Troubled with storms, and big with show'rs ;
 No cheerful gleam of light appears,
 But nature pours forth all her tears.

II.

Yet, let the sons of grace revive ;
 God bids the soul that seeks him live ;
 And from the gloomiest shade of night
 Calls forth a morning of delight.

III.

The seeds of extacy unknown
 Are in these water'd furrows sown ;
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !

IV.

In secret foldings they contain
 Unnumber'd ears of golden grain ;
 And heav'n shall pour its beams around,
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

V.

Then shall the trembling mourner come,
 And bind his sheaves, and bear them home ;
 The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
 Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring !

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

Success from God.

I.

WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The LORD the pile sustain ;
Unless the LORD the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

II.

In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

III.

Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his faints bestows ;
He crowns their labour with success,
Their nights with sound repose.

PSALM CXXX. Short Metre.

The pardoning Mercy of God.

I.

FROM lowest depths of wo,
To God I sent my cry :
LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

II.

Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear ?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

III.

My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living LORD ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

IV.

My longing eyes look out
For thine enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

V.

In thee I trust, my God ;
No bounds thy mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring from which
Eternal succour flows :

VI.

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and Content.

I.

IS there ambition in my soul ?
 Search, gracious God, and see ;
 Or do I act a haughty part ?
 LORD, I appeal to thee.

II.

Drive from the confines of my heart
 All discontent and pride ;
 Nor let me in erroneous paths
 With thoughtless finners glide.

III.

Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
 Sees for thy creature fit,
 I'll bless the good, and to the ill
 Contentedly submit.

IV.

With humble pleasure let me view
 The prosp'rous and the great ;
 Malignant envy let me fly,
 And odious self-conceit.

V.

Let not despair or fell revenge
 Be to my bosom known ;
 O give me tears for others' wo,
 And patience for my own.

VI.

Feed me with necessary food ;
 I ask not wealth or fame ;
 But give me eyes to view thy works,
 And sense to praise thy name.

VII.

May my still days obscurely pass
 Without remorse or care ;
 And let me for the parting hour
 Incessantly prepare.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

I.

HOW vast must their advantage be !
 How great their pleasure prove !
 Who live like brethren, and consent
 In offices of love !

II.

True love is like that precious oil
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
 Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
 Its costly moisture shed.

III.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
 On Hermon's top distil ;
 Or like the early drops that fall
 On Zion's fruitful hill.

IV.

For God to all, whose friendly hearts
 With mutual love abound,
 Has firmly promis'd length of days
 With constant blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise to God.

I.

O PRAISE the LORD with one consent,
 And magnify his name ;
 Let all the servants of the LORD
 His worthy praise proclaim.

II.

Praise him all ye that in his house
 Attend with constant care ;
 With those that to his outmost courts
 With humble zeal repair.

III.

For this our truest int'rest is,
 Glad hymns of praise to sing ;
 And with loud songs to bless his name,
 A most delightful thing.

IV.

That God is great, we often have
 By glad experience found ;
 And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r
 Above all gods is crown'd.

V.

For he with unresisted strength
 Performs his sov'reign will,
 In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores
 That earth's deep caverns fill.

PSALM CXXXVI. Hallelujah Metre.

*Praise to God for the Wonders of Creation
 and Providence.*

I.

TO God, the mighty LORD,
 Your joyful thanks repeat ;
 To him due praise afford,
 As good as he is great.
 For God does prove
 Our constant friend,
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

II.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r
 All other gods obey,
 Whom earthly kings adore,
 This grateful homage pay.
 For God, &c.

III.

By his almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought ;

The heav'ns by his command
 Were to perfection brought.
 For God, &c.

IV.

God spread the ocean round
 About the spacious land ;
 And made the rising ground
 Above the waters stand.
 For God, &c.

V.

Through heav'n he did display
 His num'rous hosts of light ;
 The sun to rule by day,
 The moon and stars by night.
 For God, &c.

VI.

He does the food supply,
 On which all creatures live :
 To God, who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give.
 For God will prove
 Our constant friend,
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVI. All Sevens Metre.

Praise to God the sovereign King.

I.

RAISE your voice, and, joyful, sing
Praise to your eternal King :
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

II.

Through the various realms of earth,
Praise him, all of human birth ;
Honour pay to heav'n's high LORD,
And his wond'rous deeds record.

III.

Be the LORD your constant theme,
Who of gods is God supreme ;
He to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee and veil their pride.

IV.

He, whose wisdom, thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky ;
And the orbs, that gild the pole,
Bade through boundless ether roll :

V.

He who, o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to ev'ry thing that lives
Rich supplies of blessings gives :

M

VI.

To the great eternal King,
 Raise your voice, and, joyful, sing ;
 For his mercies far extend,
 And his bounty knows no end.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

I.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
 While holy zeal directs my eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.

II.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, LORD ;
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word :
 Not all thy works and names below
 So much thy pow'r and glory show.

III.

God looks on haughty sinners down,
 And pride shall tremble at his frown :
 The virtuous poor with kindest eye
 He views, and lifts their souls on high.

IV.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

V.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins :
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. Long Metre.

The all-seeing God.

I.

THOU, LORD, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

II.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My publick haunts and private ways ;
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

III.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand.
 O skill, for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

IV.

O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting thee !
 Where, LORD, could I thy influence shun ?
 Or whither from thy presence run ?

V.

For should I try to shun thy sight
 Beneath the fable wings of night,
 Once glance from thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

VI.

The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes :
 Through midnight shades thou find'st thy
 As in the blazing noon of day. [way,

PSALM CXXXIX. Second Part. Com. Met.

God the Creator of Mankind.

I.

GOD of our lives, whose bounteous care
 First gave us pow'r to move ;
 How shall our thankful hearts declare
 The wonders of thy love ?

II.

While void of thought and sense we lay,
 Dust of our parent earth,
 Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
 And call'd us into birth.

III.

From thee our limbs their fashion took,
 And ere our life begun,
 Within the volume of thy book
 Were written ev'ry one.

IV.

Thine eye beheld in perfect view
 The yet unfinish'd plan ;
 Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
 And form'd the future man.

V.

O may this frame, which rising grew
 Beneath thy forming hands,
 Be studious ever to pursue
 Whate'er thy will commands.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third Part. Long Met.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

I.

LET me acknowledge, O my God,
 That since this maze of life I trod,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
 The pow'r of numbers to recount.

II.

Far sooner could I reckon o'er
 The sands upon the ocean's shore :
 Each morn revising what I've done,
 I find th' account but new begun.

III.

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
 If mischief lurks in any part :
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXLI. Common Metre.

Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.

I.

TO thee, O LORD, my cries ascend,
O haste to my relief ;
And with accustom'd pity hear
The accents of my grief.

II.

From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips,
With wary silence barr'd.

III.

From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain ;
Nor let me in the booty share
Of their unrighteous gain.

IV.

Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind ;
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof shall find ;

V.

And in return, my fervent pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
Like me, to fore distress.

PSALM CXLIII. Common Metre.

Prayer for divine Direction.

I.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend ;
In thine accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

II.

Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried ;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justify'd.

III.

Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey ;
Let thy good spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

IV.

O for the sake of thy great name
Revive my drooping heart ;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd,
Thy promis'd aid impart.

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

Peace and Plenty.

I.

OUR sons like lofty trees shall grow,
Well planted in some fruitful place ;

Our daughters shall like pillars show,
 Design'd some royal court to grace.

II.

Our garners fill'd with various store,
 Shall us and ours with plenty feed ;
 Our sheep, increasing more and more,
 Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.

III.

Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow,
 Nor in their constant labour faint ;
 Whilst we no war nor slav'ry know,
 And in our streets hear no complaint.

IV.

Thrice happy is that people's case,
 Whose various blessings thus abound ;
 Who God's true worship still embrace,
 And are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV. First Part. Com. Metre.

The Greatness of God.

I.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
 Thy endless praise proclaim :
 This tribute daily I will bring,
 And ever bless thy name.

II.

Thou, LORD, beyond compare art great,
 And highly to be prais'd ;

Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

III.

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends ;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

IV.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

V.

Thy glorious works of ancient date,
Shall thus to all be known ;
And thus thy kingdom's royal state,
With publick splendour shown.

VI.

Thy steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast ;
Thy boundless sway no end shall see
But time itself outlast.

PSALM CXLV. Second Part. Com. Metre.

The Goodness of God.

I.

THE LORD is good ; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;

His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

II.

The LORD does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise ;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.

III.

Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives ;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.

IV.

How holy is the LORD, how just !
How righteous all his ways !
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays !

V.

He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore ;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

VI.

My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame ;
And all mankind with one consent
For ever bless his name.

PSALM CXLVI. Common Metre.

The Compassion of God to the poor and afflicted.

I.

THE LORD, who made both heav'n and
And all that they contain, [earth,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

II.

The poor oppress'd, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the pris'ners free.

III.

By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears ;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

IV.

The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

PSALM CXLVII. Common Metre.

Winter and Spring.

I.

TO God, the LORD, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing ;

To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

II.

He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows :
Through him, on mountain-tops, the grass
With wond'rous plenty grows.

III.

Through all our borders he gives peace,
With finest wheat we're fed ;
He speaks the word, and what he wills,
Is done as soon as said.

IV.

Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,
Descend at his command ;
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,
Is scatter'd o'er the land.

V.

When join'd to these, he does his hail
In little morsels break,
Who can against his piercing cold
Secure defences make ?

VI.

He sends his word, which melts the ice ;
He makes his wind to blow,
And soon the streams, congeal'd before,
In plenteous currents flow.

PSALM CXLVIII. Common Metre.

All Nature invoked to praise the Creator.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD, immortal choir,
That fill the realms above ;
Praise him, who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

II.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

III.

Shout to the LORD, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

IV.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

V.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him who bids you grow ;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

N

VI.

Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals catch the sound ;
 Echo the glories of your King
 Through all the nations round.

PSALM CXLVIII. Long Metre.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise the Lord.

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
 Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
 And with unwearied swiftness move,
 To form the circles of our years :

II.

Praise the Creator of the skies,
 Who dress'd thine orb in golden rays :
 Or may the sun forget to rise,
 If he forget his Maker's praise.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
 Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
 Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
 Are softer rivals of the noon :

IV.

Arise, and to that sov'reign pow'r
 Waxing and waning honours pay,
 Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
 And half supply the absent day.

V.

Ye stars that gild the ev'ning sky,
 And cheer the gloomy face of night ;
 Praise him who plac'd your orbs on high,
 And out of darkness call'd up light.

VI.

O God of glory, God of love,
 Thou art the sun that makes our days :
 With all thy shining works above,
 Let men attempt to sing thy praise.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

I.

LET ev'ry creature join
 Jehovah's name to praise ;
 Ye angels, all your pow'rs combine
 The noblest song to raise.

II.

Thou sun, with splendour bright,
 And moon, with paler ray,
 Ye distant stars of twinkling light,
 Your Maker's praise display.

III.

He built the worlds above,
 And gave to each its frame ;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.

IV.

Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in show'rs, or snow,
 Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
 His pow'r and glory show.

V.

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the LORD,
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 To execute his word.

VI.

By all his works above
 His honours be express'd ;
 But they who know his wond'rous love,
 Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLVIII. Six Line Metre.

Universal Praise.

I.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey ;
 And praise th' Almighty's name :
 Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

II.

Thou, heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God,
 Ye thunders, speak his pow'r :

Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph walks th' eternal King ;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

III.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

IV.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring ;
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

V.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

PSALM CXLVIII. Hallelujah Metre.

Universal Praise.

I.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame ;
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

II.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
 And sun that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay :
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

III.

Let them adore the LORD,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came :
 And all shall last
 From changes free :
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

IV.

United zeal be shown,
 His wond'rous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
 Earth's utmost ends
 His pow'r obey :
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

PSALM CXLIX. Eighth Metre.

Thanksgiving.

I.

O PRAISE ye the LORD,
 Prepare a new song,
 And let all his saints
 In full concert join ;
 With voices united
 The anthem prolong,
 And show forth his honours
 In musick divine.

II.

Let praise to the LORD
 Who made us ascend ;
 Let each grateful heart
 Exult in its King ;
 For God whom we worship
 Our songs will attend,

And view with complacence
The off'ring we bring.

III. ♪

Be joyful, ye faints,
Sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs
Awake with each morn ;
For those who obey him
Are still his delight ;
His hand with salvation
The meek will adorn.

IV.

Then praise ye the LORD,
Prepare a glad song,
And let all his faints
In full concert join ;
With voices united
The anthem prolong,
And show forth his honours
In musick divine.

PSALM CL. Long Metre.

Praise to God.

I.

O PRAISE the LORD in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows :
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

II.

Praise him for all the mighty acts,
Which he in our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

III.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise him with harps' melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

IV.

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance ;
Let instruments of various string,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

V.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

VI.

Let all, that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ :
Let ev'ry creature praise the LORD.

PSALM CL. All Sevens Metre.

Praise ye the Lord.

I.

PRAISE, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallow'd shrine ;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

II.

Let his acts and pow'r supreme
To your songs suggest a theme ;
Be the harp no longer mute,
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.

III.

Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest note to raise,
And the cymbal's varying sound
From the vaulted roof rebound.

IV.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join ;
Praise, O praise the name divine.

H Y M N S.

HYMN I. Common Metre.

The eternal Dominion of God.

I.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

II.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heav'n were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

III.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

IV.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

V.

Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.

VI.

Great God, how infinite art thou !
 How frail and weak are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN II. Common Metre.

The Power of God.

I.

'T WAS God who form'd the rolling spheres,
 And stretch'd the boundless skies ;
 Who fix'd the plan of endless years,
 And bade the ages rise.

II.

From everlasting is his might ;
 Immense and unconfined :
 He pierces through the realms of light,
 And rides upon the wind.

III.

He bids, and nature's wheels stand still,
 And leave their wonted round :
 The mountains melt ; each trembling hill
 Forsakes its ancient bound.

IV.

His mighty voice in thunder speaks,
 And rends the vaulted sky ;
 Through the dark clouds the lightning breaks,
 And tells the Godhead nigh.

V.

Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,
 Fulfil his high command ;
 Mortals, pay homage to your King,
 And own his ruling hand.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

To God the Creator.

I.

GREAT first of beings ! mighty **L**ORD
 Of all this wond'rous frame !
 Produc'd by thy creating word,
 The world from nothing came.

II.

Thy voice sent forth the high command ;
 'Twas instantly obey'd :
 And through thy goodness all things stand,
 Which by thy pow'r were made.

III.

Thy glories shine throughout the whole,
 Each part reflects thy light :
 For thee, in course the planets roll,
 And day succeeds the night.

IV.

For thee, the sun disperses heat
 And beams of cheering day :
 The distant stars, in order set,
 By night thy pow'r display.

V.

For thee, the earth its produce yields ;
 For thee, the waters flow :
 And various plants adorn the fields,
 And trees aspiring grow.

VI.

Inspir'd with praise, our minds pursue
 This wise and noble end ;
 And all we think, and all we do,
 Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN IV. Common Metre.

The Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

II.

We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.

III.

We sing the goodness of the LORD,
 That fill'd the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures by his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

LORD, how thy wonders are display'd,
 Where'er we turn our eye ;
 If we survey the ground we tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !

V.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

VI.

Thy hand is our perpetual guard ;
 Thou keep'st us with thine eye :
 Why should we then forget thee, LORD,
 Who art for ever nigh ?

HYMN V. Common Metre.

The God of Nature worshipp'd.

I.

HAIL King supreme ! all wise and good,
 To thee our thoughts we raise ;
 While nature's beauties wide display'd,
 Inspire our souls with praise.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
 Thy works engage our view ;
 Oft as we gaze, our hearts exult
 With transports ever new.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
 Which gilds the gloom of night ;
 And decks the rising face of morn
 With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,
 With thousand beauties shine ;
 The silent grove, and awful shade
 Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree, a constant hymn
 Employs the feather'd throng ;
 To thee their cheerful notes they swell,
 And chant their grateful song.

VI.

Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage ;
 Still may our grateful hearts consult
 Thy works' instructive page.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

All the Works of God praise him.

I.

ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy great name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

II.

Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

III.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There, the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

IV.

If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

V.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

VI.

There like a trumpet, loud and strong,
 Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
 While the red lightnings wave along,
 The banners of thy host.

VII.

The rolling mountains of the deep
 Observe thy strong command ;
 Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
 Or sink them to the sand.

VIII.

Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through thy works abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

The Goodness of God.

I.

LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows
 Its mighty Maker kind ;
 Thy bounty through creation flows,
 Full, free, and unconfin'd.

II.

Whate'er our eyes behold, proclaims
 Thine infinite good will ;
 It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
 And bursts from ev'ry hill.

III.

It spreads through all the spacious main,
 And through the heav'ns more wide ;
 It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,
 And rolls in ev'ry tide.

IV.

Long has it been diffus'd abroad,
 Through years and ages past ;
 And its rich stores, all bounteous God,
 For ever still shall last.

V.

Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
 Spreads joy through ev'ry part :
 LORD, let such love attract mine eyes,
 And captivate my heart.

VI.

High admiration let it raise,
 And kind affections move ;
 Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
 And fill my soul with love.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

Gratitude to God. Part I.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
 But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

HYMN IX. Common Metre.

Gratitude to God. Part II.

I.

WHEN worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

II.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

III.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

IV.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

V.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy shall adore.

VI.

Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For O ! eternity alone
 Can utter all thy praise.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

Preserving Goodness acknowledged.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest'd, O LORD !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide ;
 Their help, omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry toil,
 Makes ev'ry region please ;
 The hoary frozen hills it warms,
 And smooths the boist'rous seas.

IV.

When by the dreadful tempest borne,
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

V.

The storm is laid, the winds retire
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.

VI.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness we'll adore ;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

HYMN XI. Common Metre.

In a Thunder Storm.

I.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
 To shelt'ring caverns fly,
 And justly dread the vengeful fate,
 Which thunders through the sky.

II.

Protected by that hand, whose law
 The threat'ning storms obey,
 Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
 As in the blaze of day.

III.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
 The lightning's dismal glare,
 It views the same all-gracious pow'r,
 That breathes the vernal air.

IV.

Through nature's ever varying scene,
 By different ways pursu'd,
 The one eternal end of heav'n
 Is universal good.

V.

With like beneficent effect,
 O'er flaming ether glows,
 As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
 Or blushes in the rose.

VI.

When through creation's vast expanse
 The last dread thunders roll,
 Untune the concord of the spheres,
 And shake the guilty soul,

VII.

Unmov'd, may we the final storm
 Of jarring worlds survey,
 That ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day!

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

Habitual Devotion.

I.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

II.

Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

III.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

IV:

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

V.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

VI.

My lifted eye, without a tear
Each changing scene shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on thee.

HYMN XIII. Common Metre.

Praise to God through all the Changes of Life.

I.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God ;
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

II.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys ;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise ?

III.

In ev'ry period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each length'ning year.

IV.

In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

V.

Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God ;
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.

VI.

In ev'ry changing state of life,
 Each bright, each gloomy scene,
 Give me a meek and humble mind,
 Still equal and serene.

VII.

Then will I close my eyes in death,
 Free from distressing fear ;
 For death itself is life, my God,
 If thou art with me there.

HYMN XIV. Common Metre.

Praise to God in Life and Death.

I.

MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
 Through all my mortal days ;
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

II.

In ev'ry smiling, happy hour,
 Be this my sweet employ ;
 Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
 And heightens all my joy.

III.

When gloomy care and keen distress
 Afflict my throbbing breast,
 My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
 And lull each pain to rest.

IV.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honours of my God ;
 My life with all its active pow'rs
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.

V.

And when these lips shall cease to move,
 When death shall close these eyes,
 Then shall my soul to nobler heights
 Of joy and transport rise.

VI.

Then shall her pow'rs, in endless strains,
 Their grateful tribute pay ;
 The theme demands a nobler song,
 And an eternal day.

HYMN XV. Common Metre.

Providence.

I.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

II.

Deep, in unfathomable mines
 Of never failing skill,
 He treasures up his great designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

III.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and will break
 In blessings on your head.

IV.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

V.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Each hour their progress see ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet the fruit will be.

VI.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN XVI. Common Metre.

The divine Blessing implored.

I.

AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee :
 Thine ever watchful eye
 Alone our real wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.

II.

In thine all gracious providence
 Our cheerful hopes confide ;
 O let thy pow'r be our defence,
 Thy love our footsteps guide.

III.

And since by passion's force subdued,
 Too oft with stubborn will,
 We blindly shun the latent good,
 And grasp the specious ill ;

IV.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply :
 The good unask'd, O Father, grant ;
 The ill, though ask'd, deny.

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

The Universal Prayer.

I.

FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 The universal LORD.

II.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than death to shun,
 That, more than life pursue.

III.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.

IV.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

V.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

VI.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise.

HYMN XVIII. Long Metre.

The incomprehensible God.

I.

CAN creatures to perfection find
 Th' eternal uncreated mind ?
 Or can the largest stretch of thought
 Measure and search his nature out

II.

'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell ;
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

III.

God is a king of pow'r unknown ;
Firm are the orders of his throne :
If he résolve, who dare oppose ?
Or ask him why, or what he does ?

IV.

He frowns ; and darkness veils the moon ;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

V.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form ;
He binds in clouds the threat'ning storm ;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

VI.

These are a portion of his ways :
But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

HYMN XIX. Long Metre.

God known by his Works.

I.

GREAT is our God ; his works of might
 To praise his glorious name unite :
 Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand,
 And wait obedient his command.

II.

His hand unseen sustains the poles,
 On which the vast creation rolls ;
 The starry skies proclaim his pow'r,
 His pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r.

III.

In various shapes and colours rise
 Ten thousand wonders to our eyes ;
 And birds that sing with lab'ring throat,
 Teach us a God in ev'ry note.

IV.

Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a place, or deep or high,
 Where the Creator has not trod,
 And left the footsteps of a God.

V.

O may the sons of men record
 The various goodness of the LORD,
 How vast his works, how kind his ways,
 And ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

HYMN XX. Long Metre.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

I.

O THOU, through all thy works ador'd,
 Great Pow'r supreme, almighty LORD !
 Author of life, whose sov'reign sway
 Creatures of ev'ry tribe obey !

II.

To thee, most high, to thee belong,
 The suppliant pray'r, the joyful song ;
 To thee will we attune our voice,
 And in thy wond'rous works rejoice.

III.

Planets, those wand'ring worlds above,
 Guided by thee, incessant move ;
 Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
 In honour of their Maker shine.

IV.

From thee proceed heav'n's varied store,
 The changing wind, the fruitful show'r,
 The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow.

V.

Tempests obey thy mighty will ;
 Thy awful mandate to fulfil,
 The forked lightnings dart around,
 And rive the oak, and blast the ground.

VI.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, kind to supply,
 Thy hand supports thy family,
 And fosters with a parent's care,
 The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

The daily Goodness of God.

I.

GREAT God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.

II.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command ;
 To thee we consecrate our days :
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons.

I.

GREAT God ! at whose all-pow'rful call,
 At first arose this beauteous frame,

Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

II.

Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recover'd, rise ;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

III.

The new delight how great, to see
The earth in vernal beauty dress'd,
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree
Thy op'ning bounty shines confess'd !

IV.

Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys ;
And while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.

V.

Around us, from the teeming field,
Springs the rich grain, or purpled vine ;
At thy command they rise to yield
The strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.

VI.

Indulgent God ! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see ; we taste ; let ev'ry heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

HYMN XXIII. Long Metre.

Divine Providence.

I.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
 Of life's mistaken ill or good,
 Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
 The beautiful vicissitude.

II.

Thou givest with a father's care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,
 To each their necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

III.

All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
 On thine eternal will depend ;
 And all for greater good were giv'n,
 Would man pursue th' appointed end.

IV.

Be this our care ; to all beside
 Indiff'rent let our wishes be :
 Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 And fix'd our souls, O God, on thee.

HYMN XXIV. Short Metre.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

I.

OUR Maker and our King !
 To thee our all we owe ;

Q

Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
From which our blessings flow.

II.

Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
Our hearts to grateful love.

III.

The creatures of thy hand,
On thee alone we live ;
Father, thy benefits demand
More praise than we can give.

IV.

LORD, what can we impart,
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas, how poor !

V.

O let thy grace inspire
Our souls with strength divine ;
Let all our pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all our days be thine.

H Y M N XXV. Short Metre.

To God the Creator.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wond'rous is thy name !

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through all creation's frame!

II.

Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble worship pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

III.

Our souls would rise and sing
Our great Creator too;
Fain would our tongues adore our King,
And pay the homage due.

IV.

On God our hopes depend
Through all our future days:
To him our souls shall oft ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

HYMN XXVI. Six Line Long Metre.

Thanksgiving for national Prosperity.

I.

HOW rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our publick blessings spring:
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

II.

Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from ev'ry foreign shore ;

Science and art their charms display :
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

III.

With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs.

Here still may God in mercy reign ;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

HYMN XXVII. Six Line Metre.

*All Men, and especially good Men, invited to
the Praise of God.*

I.

YE works of God, to him alone,
Who reigns on his eternal throne,
Let all your praises rise.
His hand the beauteous fabrick made,
His eye the finish'd whole survey'd,
And found it good and wise.

II.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move ;

Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love.

III.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
 Who while this earth is your abode,
 To brighter worlds aspire,
 O let your songs of praise resound,
 Beyond the earth's remotest bound,
 To heav'n's eternal fire.

IV.

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
 Who shall those heav'nly joys obtain,
 Prepar'd for souls sincere ;
Now praise him, till ye take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And *then*, for ever, there.

HYMN XXVIII. Hallelujah Metre.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

I.

THE LORD Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty :

His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.

II.

The thunders of his pow'r
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His truth and justice stand
 To guard his holy law :
 Yet humble souls
 May seek his face ;
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.

III.

And will this gracious King
 Of glory condescend ?
 Will he declare himself
 Our father and our friend ?
 We love his name,
 We love his word :
 Join all our pow'rs
 To praise the LORD.

HYMN XXIX. Hallelujah Metre.

Imitation of Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons.

I.

LORD of the worlds below !
 On earth thy glories shine ;

The changing seasons show
Thy skill and pow'r divine.
In all we see
A God appears ;
The rolling years
Are full of thee.

II.

Forth in the flow'ry spring,
We see thy beauty move ;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tendernefs and love ;
Wide flush the hills ;
The air is balm :
Devotion's calm
Our bosom fills.

III.

'Then come, array'd in light,
The summer's flaming days ;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays ;
And oft thy voice
In thunder rolls ;
But still our souls
In thee rejoice.

IV.

In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beast,
And ev'ry thing that lives.

Thy lib'ral care,
 At morn, and noon,
 And harvest moon,
 Our lips declare.

V.

In winter, awful thou !
 With storms around thee cast :
 The leafless forests bow
 Beneath thy northern blast.
 While tempests low'r,
 To thee, dread King,
 We homage bring,
 And own thy pow'r.

HYMN XXX. All Sevens Metre.

Praise to God in Prosperity and Adversity.

I.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

II.

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the gen'rous olive's use :

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;

Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse :

IV.

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

V.

These to thee, our God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these, our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

VI.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

VII.

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

VIII.

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain ;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :

IX.

Yet to thee our souls should raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
 And when ev'ry blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone.

HYMN XXXI. All Sevens Metre.

A penitential Hymn.

I.

GOD of mercy, God of love,
 Hear our sad repentant song ;
 Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,
 Penitence on ev'ry tongue.

II.

Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time mispent ;
 Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent.

III.

Foolish fears, and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain ;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain.

IV.

These, and ev'ry secret fault,
 Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.

V.

God of mercy, God of grace,
 Hear our sad repentant songs ;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom all praise belongs.

HYMN XXXII. Eleventh Metre.

Praise to God, the eternal King.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns! let ev'ry nation hear,
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear :
 Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
 And all creation hangs beneath his throne :
 He reigns alone ; let no inferiour nature
 Usurp, or share, the throne of the Creator.

II.

This goodly world, in countless beauties gay,
 Though built by God's right hand, must
 pass away ;
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
 The fate of empires, and the pride of kings ;
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

III.

But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy
 Jehovah reigns a universe alone ; [throne ;
 Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected or diffus'd, is still the same ;

He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

IV.

But O! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise.
 Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight
 control,

Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore
 him.

HYMN XXXIII. Twelfth Metre.

Praise to God for his Greatness and Mercy.

I.

GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
 Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky.

II.

Favour'd mortals, raise the song ;
 Endless thanks to God belong ;
 Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
 Join the hymns your voices raise :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky.

III.

Call the tribes of beings round,
 From creation's utmost bound ;
 Where the Godhead shines confess'd,
 There be solemn praise address'd :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky.

IV.

Mark the wonders of his hand !
 Pow'r, no empire can withstand ;
 Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
 Goodness, one eternal stream :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky.

V.

Awful being ! from thy throne
 Send thy promis'd blessings down :
 Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
 Bid our raging passions cease :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky.

HYMN XXXIV. Thirteenth Metre.

The God of Mercy adored.

I.

PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
 Bounteous source of all our joy ;

R

He whose hand upholds all nature,
 He whose nod can all destroy :
 Saints, with pious zeal attending,
 Now the grateful tribute raise ;
 Solemn songs to heav'n ascending,
 Join the universal praise.

II.

Round his awful footstool kneeling,
 Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
 Here, his milder grace revealing,
 Here, his wrath no thunder rolls :
 Lo, th' eternal page before us
 Bears the cov'nant of his love ;
 Full of mercy to restore us,
 Mercy beaming from above.

III.

Ev'ry secret fault confessing,
 Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
 Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
 Grace from God, and peace within :
 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
 Still the song of glory raise ;
 On the theme immortal dwelling,
 Join the universal praise.

HYMN XXXV. Fourteenth Metre.

Thanksgiving for fruitful Seasons.

I.

REJOICE! the LORD is King!

Your LORD and King adore;

Mortals, give thanks and sing,

And triumph evermore:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,

Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

II.

His wintry north winds blow,

Loud tempests rush amain;

Yet his thick clouds of snow

Defend the infant grain:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,

Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

III.

He wakes the genial spring,

Perfumes the balmy air;

The vales their tribute bring,

The promise of the year:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,

Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

IV.

High from th' ethereal plain

Bright suns their influence fling;

He gives the welcome rain,

That makes the vallies sing:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

V.

He leads the circling year ;
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn :
O happy mortals, raise your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

VI.

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
O bring th' eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

H Y M N XXXVI. Fifteenth Metre.

Trust in God through all the Changes of Life.

I.

FATHER divine, before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye :
Hear, gracious LORD, our mingled praises
'Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear. [hear !

II.

From thee our vital breath we drew,
 Our childhood was thy care,
 And vig'rous youth and feeble age,
 Thy kind protection share :

Hear, gracious LORD, our mingled praises
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear. [hear!

III.

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
 Oppress'd with wo, when nature faints,
 Thine arm is our repose :

Hear, gracious LORD, our mingled praises
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear. [hear!

IV.

To thee we look, thou Pow'r supreme ;
 O still our wants supply !
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favour die :

Hear, gracious LORD, our mingled praises
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear. [hear!

H Y M N XXXVII. Common Metre.

The Coming of Christ.

I.

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes !
 The Saviour promis'd long !

Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a fong.

II.

On him the fpirit, largely fhed,
Exerts its facred fire :
Wifdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breaft inspire.

III.

He comes from galling chains of vice
To free the captive mind ;
He comes to pour the cheering light
Of truth upon the blind.

IV.

He comes with bleffings for the meek,
The broken heart to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

V.

Hofannas to the prince of peace
His welcome fhall proclaim ;
While heav'n's eternal arches ring
With his beloved name.

VI.

Glory to God ! in highest ftrains,
Through highest worlds be paid :
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And in our lives difplay'd.

HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

The Nativity of Christ.

I.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
 All seated on the ground, [night,
 The angel of the LORD came down,
 And glory shone around.

II.

Fear not, said he (for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind)
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

III.

To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:

IV.

The heav'nly babe you there shall find
 To human view display'd,
 All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid.

V.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Address their joyful song:

VI.

All glory be to God on high !
 And to the earth, be peace !
 Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
 Begin and never cease !

HYMN XXXIX. Short Metre.

The Birth of Christ.

I.

BEHOLD the grace appear,
 The blessing promis'd long !
 Angels announce the Saviour near.
 In this triumphant song :

II.

Glory to God on high !
 And heav'nly peace on earth !
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At your Redeemer's birth !

III.

In worship so divine,
 Shall man refrain his part ?
 Forbid it, gratitude ! we join
 The song, with grateful heart.

IV.

Glory to God on high !
 And heav'nly peace on earth !
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer's birth !

HYMN XL. Hallelujah Metre.

The Birth of Christ proclaimed by Angels.

I.

HARK ! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear !
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravish'd ear.
The tuneful shell,
The golden lyre,
And vocal choir
The concert swell.

II.

Th' angelick hosts descend,
With harmony divine ;
See how from heav'n they bend,
And in full chorus join.
Fear not, say they,
Great joy we bring ;
Jesus, your king,
Is born to day.

III.

He comes from errour's night
Your wand'ring feet to save ;
To realms of blifs and light
He lifts you from the grave.

This glorious morn,
 (Let all attend !)
 Your matchless friend,
 Your Saviour's born.

IV.

Glory to God on high !
 Ye mortals, spread the sound,
 And let your raptures fly
 To earth's remotest bound !
 For peace on earth,
 From God in heav'n,
 To man is giv'n,
 At Jesus' birth.

HYMN XLI. Sixteenth Metre.

Angels proclaiming the Birth of Christ.

I.

NO war or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around,
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
 But peaceful was the night,
 In which the prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.

II.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Before the point of dawn,
 In social circle sat, while all around

The gentle fleecy brood,
 Or cropp'd the flow'ry food,
 Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.

III.

When lo ! with ravish'd ears,
 Each swain delighted hears
 Sweet musick, offspring of no mortal hand ;
 Divinely warbled voice,
 Answ'ring the stringed noise, [band.
 With blisful rapture charm'd the list'ning

IV.

They saw a glorious light
 Burst on their wond'ring sight.
 Harping in solemn quire, in robes array'd,
 The helmed cherubim
 And sworded seraphim [play'd.
 Are seen in glitt'ring ranks, with wings dif-

V.

Sounds of so sweet a tone
 Before were never known,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While God dispos'd in air
 Each constellation fair,
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung.

VI.

Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
 The Saviour Christ is born : [blime)
 (Such was th' immortal seraph's song su-

Glory to God in heav'n !
 To man sweet peace be giv'n,
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time!

H Y M N XLII. Short Metre.

Christ the Light of the World.

I.

BEHOLD the Prince of peace,
 The chosen of the LORD !
 God's well-beloved Son fulfils
 The sure prophetick word.

II.

No royal pomp adorns
 This king of righteousness ;
 Meekness and patience, truth and love
 Compose his princely dress.

III.

The spirit of the LORD,
 In rich abundance shed,
 On this great prophet gently lights,
 And rests upon his head.

IV.

Jesus, the light of men :
 His doctrine life imparts ;
 O ! may we feel its quick'ning pow'r,
 To warm and glad our hearts.

V.

Cheer'd by its beams, our souls,
 Shall run the heav'nly way :
 The path which Christ hath mark'd, and trod,
 Will lead to endless day.

HYMN XLIII. Common Metre.

The Example of Christ.

I.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
 Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

II.

The largest love of human kind
 Inspir'd his godlike breast ;
 In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
 His kindness was express'd.

III.

To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.

IV.

'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood ;
 His foes, ungrateful sought his life ;
 He labour'd for their good.

V.

In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

VI.

Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !
 His image may we bear !
 O may we tread his sacred steps,
 And his bright glories share !

HYMN XLIV. Long Metre,

Christ our Example.

I.

AND is the gospel peace and love ?
 Such let our conversation be,
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

II.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the christian life.

III.

O how benevolent and kind !
 How mild, how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

IV.

To do his heav'nly Father's will,
 Was his employment and delight ;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.

V.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love :
 Then if we bear the Saviour's name,
 By his example let us move.

HYMN XLV. Common Metre.

The Blessings of the Gospel

I.

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.

II.

Here, may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find,
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

III.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast,
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.

IV.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around,
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

V.

O may these sacred pages be
 Our study and delight ;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light.

VI.

Divine instructor, gracious LORD,
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach us to love thy sacred word,
 And view thy goodness there.

HYMN XLVI. Common Metre.

The Comforts of Religion.

I.

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
 The trembling heart invade ;
 And all the face of nature wears
 An universal shade ;

II.

Religion's dictates can assuage
 The tempest of the soul ;
 And ev'ry storm shall cease to rage
 At her divine control.

III.

Through life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
 Her hand unerring leads ;
 And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
 A cheering lustre sheds.

IV.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid ;
 Thou blest supporter of the mind,
 How pow'rful is thine aid !

V.

O let my heart confess thy pow'r,
 And find thy sweet relief,
 To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
 And soften ev'ry grief.

HYMN XLVII. All Sevens Metre.

Rest and Consolation from the Gospel.

I.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come and make my paths your choice :
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !

II.

Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

III.

Ye, who, tofs'd on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
 Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise :

IV.

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care :
 A wounded spirit who can bear ?

V.

Sinner, come ! for here is found
 Balm that flows for ev'ry wound ;
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMN XLVIII. Long Metre.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

I.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When all the pow'rs of malice rose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes.

II.

Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;
 What love through all his actions ran !
 What wond'rous words of grace he spake !

III.

This is my body broke for you,
 Take, eat the emblematick bread ;
 Drink of this cup, an emblem too,
 My blood which shall for you be shed.

IV.

In mem'ry of your dying Lord,
 Do this, he said, till time shall end ;
 Meet at my table and record
 The love of your departed friend.

HYMN XLIX. Long Metre.

For the Lord's Supper.

I.

THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
 This cup of thanks his last request ;
 Ye, who can feel his worth, attend,
 Eat, drink in mem'ry of your friend.

II.

Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
 Him ye exalt in swelling song :
 For him the wreath of glory bind,
 Who freed from vassallage his kind :

III.

And shall not he your praises reap,
 Who rescues from the iron sleep ;
 The great deliverer, whose breath
 Unbinds the captives ev'n of death ?

IV.

Shall he, who, mortal men to save,
 Became the tenant of the grave,
 Unthank'd, uncelebrated, rise,
 Pass unremember'd to the skies?

V.

Christians, unite with loud acclaim,
 To hymn the Saviour's welcome name;
 On earth extol his wond'rous love;
 Repeat his praise in worlds above.

HYMN L. Common Metre.

Love to Mankind recommended by Christ.

I.

BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,
 Our dying Master stands!
 His weeping foll'wers gath'ring round,
 Receive his last commands.

II.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell!
 The gentle precept which he gave,
 Became its author well.

III.

Bless'd is the man whose soft'ning heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never rais'd in vain:

IV.

Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the pow'r to heal.

V.

He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

VI.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

VII.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
Sweet peace to him is giv'n ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His pray'r ascends to heav'n.

VIII.

To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy from above
Descend on him, who thus fulfils
The perfect law of love.

HYMN LI. Short Metre.

For the Lord's Supper.

I.

JESUS, the friend of man,
 Invites us to his board ;
 The welcome summons we obey,
 And own our gracious Lord.

II.

Here we survey that love,
 Which spoke in ev'ry breath,
 Which crown'd each action of his life,
 And triumph'd in his death.

III.

Here let our pow'rs unite,
 His honour'd name to raise ;
 Pleasure and joy fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

IV.

And while we share the gifts,
 His bounteous hands bestow,
 Let ev'ry heart, in friendship join'd,
 With kind affections glow.

V.

Let love inspire each breast,
 And dictate ev'ry thought ;
 Be angry passions far remov'd,
 And selfish views forgot.

VI.

Our souls expanded wide
 By our Redeemer's grace,
 Shall in the arms of fervent love
 All heav'n and earth embrace.

HYMN LII. All Sevens Metre,

For Easter-Sunday.

I.

ANGEL, roll the rock away ;
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
 See ! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing in immortal bloom.

II.

Shout, ye faints, in rapt'rous song,
 Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
 Hail the Son of God, this morn
 From his sepulchre new-born.

III.

Pow'rs of heav'n, celestial choirs,
 Sing and sweep your sounding lyres ;
 Sons of men, in joyful strain,
 Hail your mighty Saviour's reign !

IV.

Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
 And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king ?

Hallelujah,

HYMN LIII. Common Metre.

The Resurrection of Christ.

I.

AGAIN the LORD of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

II.

This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
 And praise on ev'ry tongue.

III.

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
 To hail the welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

IV.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
 Was crucified and slain !
 Behold, the tomb its prey restores !
 Behold he lives again !

V.

And while his conqu'ring chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies,
 Broken beneath his powerful cross,
 Death's iron sceptre lies.

HYMN LIV. Common Metre.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ.

I.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord ;
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.

II.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 And call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope,
 That they should never die.

III.

What though thy uncontroll'd decree
 Command us back to dust ;
 Yet as our Lord and Saviour rose,
 So all his foll'wers must.

IV.

There's an inheritance divine
 Reserv'd against that day :
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot fade away.

V.

We by thy pow'r, O God, are kept
 Till the salvation come ;
 We walk by faith as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

T

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy Youth.

I.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the tomb ;

II.

Remember thy Creator God ;
 For him thy pow'rs employ ;
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.

III.

He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea,
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of blest'd eternity.

IV.

Then seek the LORD betimes, and choose
 The path of heav'nly truth :
 The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth.

HYMN LVI. All Sevens Metre.

Love to God and Man.

I.

FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,

Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
 Claiming large returns again.

II.

LORD, what off'ring shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unfullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye express'd ;
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :

III.

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wound, or feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with lib'ral store :
 Teach us, O thou heav'nly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

HYMN LVII. Long Metre.

Religion vain without Love.

I.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,
 If love be wanting, I am found,
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

II.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
 All that is done in heav'n and hell ;
 Or could my faith the world remove ;
 Still I am nothing without love.

III.

Should I distribute all my store
 To feed, and clothe, and bless, the poor ;
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name ;

IV.

If love to God and love to men
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The place of love can ever fill.

HYMN LVIII. Long Metre.

Charitable Judgment.

I.

ALL seeing God ! 'tis thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;

To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

II.

Who among men, great LORD of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him for modes of faith thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of wo?

III.

Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Guided by thee, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

IV.

If wrong, correct; accept, if right,
While faithful we obey our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

H Y M N L I X. Common Metre.

Prayer for kind Affections.

I.

FAR from thy servants, God of grace,
Th' unfeeling heart remove,
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

II.

O may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know,

Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo !

III.

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

IV.

Under the gentle law of love
Be ev'ry passion brought ;
O be the law of love fulfill'd
In ev'ry act and thought !

HYMN LX. Short Metre.

Mercy and Forgiveness.

I.

I HEAR the voice of wo !
I hear a brother's sigh !
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love mine eye.

II.

I hear the thirsty cry !
The hungry beg for bread !
O ! let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.

III.

The hapless debtor sues,
Who would, but cannot pay ;

And shall I mercy, LORD, refuse,
Who need it ev'ry day ?

IV.

And shall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying, I repent,
Nor will offend again ?

V.

If not, how shall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God, and how present the pray'r,
That asks for pard'ning grace ?

VI.

They who forgive, shall find
Forgiveness in that day,
When all the merciful and kind
Thy pity shall repay.

H Y M N LXI. Long Metre.

The Vanity of Forms without Virtue.

I.

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, LORD, to thee :
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

II.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?

Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?

III.

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler off'ring yields
Than richest treasures from the fields.

IV.

“Be just and kind”—that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

HYMN LXII. Long Metre.

The Beatitudes.

I.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

II.

Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
From God the streams of mercy flow,
A healing balm for all their wo.

III.

Bless'd are the just who seek his face,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;

They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

IV.

Bless'd are the men whose bosoms move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
The merciful shall ever find,
That God is merciful and kind.

V.

Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

VI.

Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

HYMN LXIII. Long Metre.

A Conversation becoming the Gospel.

I.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our christian virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

II.

Thus shall we best thine honours raise,
Great God, and others learn to praise ;

When heav'nly truth shall reign within,
And break the pow'r of ev'ry sin.

III.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

IV.

What though we drink of sorrow's cup,
Religion bears our spirits up ;
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN LXIV. Common-Metre.

Equity.

I.

COME, let us search our ways and see ;
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?

II.

What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same ?
From others ne'er withheld the due,
Which we from others claim ?

III.

Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turn'd from another's wo ?

The scorn, which wrings the poor man's
 Have we abhorr'd to show? [breast,
 IV.

Do we, in all we sell, or buy,
 Integrity maintain ;
 And knowing God is always nigh,
 Renounce unrighteous gain ?
 V.

Then may we raise our modest pray'r
 To God, the just and kind,
 May humbly cast on him our care,
 And hope his grace to find.

HYMN LXV. Long Metre.

Meekness.

I.

MARK, when tempestuous winds arise,
 The wild confusion and uproar,
 All ocean mixing with the skies,
 And wrecks are dash'd upon the shore.

II.

Not less confusion racks the mind,
 When, by the whirl of passion toss'd,
 Calm reason is to rage resign'd,
 And peace in angry tumult lost.

III.

O self-tormenting child of pride,
 Anger, bred up in hate and strife ;

Ten thousand ills, by thee supplied,
Mingle the cup of bitter life.

IV.

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest'd,
Enjoy on earth celestial day.

V.

No jars their peaceful tent invade,
No friendships lost their bosom sting;
And foes to none, of none afraid,
Where'er they go, sweet peace they bring.

VI.

O may a temper meek and mild
With gentle sway our souls possess!
Passion and pride be thence exil'd!
And to be blest'd, still may we blest!

HYMN LXVI. Long Metre.

Humility.

I.

WHEREFORE should man, frail child of
Who, from the cradle to the shroud, [clay,
Lives but the insect of a day,
O why should mortal man be proud?

II.

His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found:

The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

III.

By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way :
How vain, of wisdom's gifts the boast !
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray !

IV.

Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !

V.

God of my life, Father divine,
Give me a meek and lowly mind ;
In modest worth O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

H Y M N LXVII. Common Metre.

Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.

I.

FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dang'rous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

U

II.

Let heav'n-ey'd prudence be my guide ;
 And when I go astray,
 Recall my feet from folly's path
 To wisdom's better way.

III.

Teach me in ev'ry various scene
 To keep my end in sight ;
 And whilst I tread life's mazy track,
 Let wisdom guide me right.

IV.

That heav'nly wisdom from above
 Abundantly impart ;
 And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
 And penetrate my heart ;

V.

Till it shall lead me to thyself,
 Fountain of blifs and love ;
 And all my darkness be dispers'd
 In endless light above.

H Y M N LXVIII. Long Metre.

The Christian Warfare.

I.

AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes ;
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a num'rous host ;
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

II.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrifick bands ;
There pleasure's filken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

III.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage :
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

IV.

Thou treadest on enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

V.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.

VI.

These from thy foes will guard thee well,
The terrour and the charm repel :
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here,
Nor should his faithful foll'wers fear.

HYMN LXIX. Common Metre.

For a New Year.

I.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year ;
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds !
 How short the months appear !

II.

Much of my dubious life is past,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments haste,
 The few which yet remain.

III.

So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done
 God's judgments shall survey.

IV.

Awake, my soul ; with utmost care,
 Thy true condition learn ;
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy chief concern.

V.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his love depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN LXX. Long Metre.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time.

I.

GOD of eternity, from thee
 Did infant time its being draw ;
 Moments and days, and months and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.

II.

Silent and slow they glide away ;
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in eternity's wild sea,
 The boundless gulf, from which it rose.

III.

With it the thoughtless sons of men
 Before the rapid stream are borne,
 On to that everlasting home,
 Whence no one ever can return.

IV.

Yet while the shore on either side
 Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring show,
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
 Nor think to what a world we go.

V.

Great source of wisdom, teach our hearts
 To know the price of ev'ry hour ;
 That time may bear us on to joys,
 Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

Time's Flight, and Death's Approach.

I.

THAT awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.

II.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence;
 None can resist the fatal dart :
 Continual warnings strike my sense ;
 And shall they fail to reach my heart ?

III.

Think, O my soul ! how much depends
 On the short period of to-day :
 Shall time, which Heav'n in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?

IV.

Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;
 Awake ! rouse ev'ry active pow'r !
 And not in dreams and trifles lose
 This little, yet important hour !

V.

LORD of my life ! inspire my heart
 With heav'nly ardour, grace divine ;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart ;
 For strength, and life, and death are thine.

VI.

O teach me the celestial skill

Each awful warning to improve !
 And while my days are short'ning still,
 Prepare me for the joys above !

HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

I.

LIFE is the time to serve thee, **L**ORD !
 The time t' ensure the great reward ;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 To thee the sinner may return.

II.

Life is the hour which thou hast giv'n,
 To fly from sin, and live for heav'n :
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

III.

The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead inactive lie ;
 They reap no good from all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

IV.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd
 In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
 Nor penitence nor pray'r are known,
 Where death and darkness hold their throne.

V.

Then the great work we're sent to do,
 Let us with vigour now pursue :
 The wasting day shall soon be o'er :
 When night shall come, we work no more.

HYMN LXXIII. Long Metre.

Peace of Conscience, and Submission to God.

I.

WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
 And seek the joys which hurt the soul,
 Be mine that silent calm repast,
 A peaceful conscience to the last :

II.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
 Without a canker at the root ;
 That friend who never fails the just,
 When other friends desert their trust.

III.

With this companion in the shade,
 My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
 I will defy the midnight gloom,
 And the pale monarch of the tomb.

IV.

Though God afflicts, I'll not repine ;
 The noblest comforts still are mine,
 Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
 And journey with me through the vale.

V.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
 Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
 And shall I murmur at my God,
 When sov'reign love directs the rod?

VI.

His hand will smooth my rugged way,
 And lead me to the realms of day,
 To milder skies, and brighter plains,
 Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

HYMN LXXIV. Common Metre.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

I.

WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
 Each dazzling pleasure flies;
 Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
 Our long deluded eyes.

II.

Then the tremendous arm of death
 Its fatal sceptre shows;
 And nature faints beneath the weight
 Of complicated woes.

III.

The tottering frame of mortal life
 Shall crumble into dust;
 Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul,
 On nature's God to trust.

IV.

The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
 On his all-gracious God,
 From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
 And kiss the chaf't'ning rod.

V.

Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
 On heav'n his soul relies ;
 With joy he views his Maker's love,
 And with composure dies.

H Y M N LXXV. Long Metre.

For the Humane Society.

I.

W H O from the gloomy shades of night,
 When the last tear of hope is shed,
 Can bid the soul return to light,
 And break the slumber of the dead ?

II.

No human skill that heart can warm,
 Which the cold blast of nature froze ;
 Recall to life the perish'd form ;
 The secret of the grave disclose.

III.

But thou, our saving God, we know,
 Canst arm the mortal hand with pow'r,
 To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
 The animating heat restore.

IV.

Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
 Could with young life these limbs unfold,
 Did the imprison'd brain expand,
 And all its countless fibres told.

V.

As from the dust thy forming breath
 Could the unconscious being raise,
 So can the silent voice of death
 Wake at thy call in songs of praise.

VI.

“ Since twice to die is ours alone,
 And twice the birth of life to see,
 O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
 Devote our second life to thee.”

[The last verse is to be sung by those who have been
 restored to life from apparent death.]

HYMN LXXVI. Common Metre.

The Death of a Child.

I.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;
 How soon the vapour flies !
 Man is a tender transient flow'r,
 That ev'n in blooming dies.

II.

Death spreads, like winter, frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more ;

Where now are fled those rising charms,
Which pleas'd our eyes before ?

III.

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

IV.

But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo, stern winter flies ;
And dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

V.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom, to fade no more.

VI.

Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears ;
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

HYMN LXXVII. Common Metre.

The Death of a young Person.

I.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

II.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful pow'r—I too must die,
Sink deep in ev'ry breast !

III.

Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour :
To-morrow, death may come.

IV.

The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey ;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

A Funeral Thought.

I.

HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound ;
My ears attend the cry :
Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

II.

Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your tow'rs ;
 The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
 Must lie as low as ours.

III.

Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?

IV.

Grant us the aids of quick'ning grace,
 To fit us for the sky,
 That we may close our mortal race,
 With hopes of blifs on high.

HYMN LXXIX. Common Metre.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

I.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
 For all the pious dead ;
 Sweet is the favour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

II.

They die in Jesus, and are blest'd :
 How calm their slumbers are !
 Tempted no more, no more distress'd,
 And freed from ev'ry snare.

III. Short Metre.

TO God the only wife,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all who dwell below the skies,
 Their grateful praises sing.

IV. Six Line Long Metre.

LET all with humble hearts adore
 The blest'd, supreme, immortal Pow'r ;
 The LORD of lords, and King of kings ;
 Whose presence fills the realms of light,
 The rolling worlds, the depths of night ;
 From whom the whole creation springs.

V. Hallelujah Metre.

NOW to the King of heav'n
 Your cheerful voices raise :
 To him be glory giv'n,
 Pow'r, majesty, and praise.
 Wide as he reigns,
 His name be sung,
 By ev'ry tongue,
 In endless strains.

VI. All Sevens Metre.

TO the great eternal King
Raife your voice, and, joyful, sing ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

VII. Eighth Metre.

THEN praise ye the LORD,
Prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints
In full concert join ;
With voices united
The anthem prolong,
And show forth his honours
In musick divine.

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* * * WHEN no author's name appears in the Index, the selection is made from Tate and Brady's Version.

THE editors would here acknowledge, that in the choice of the psalms and hymns contained in this volume, they have been guided by the judgment and taste of the collectors of the following books of sacred poetry :

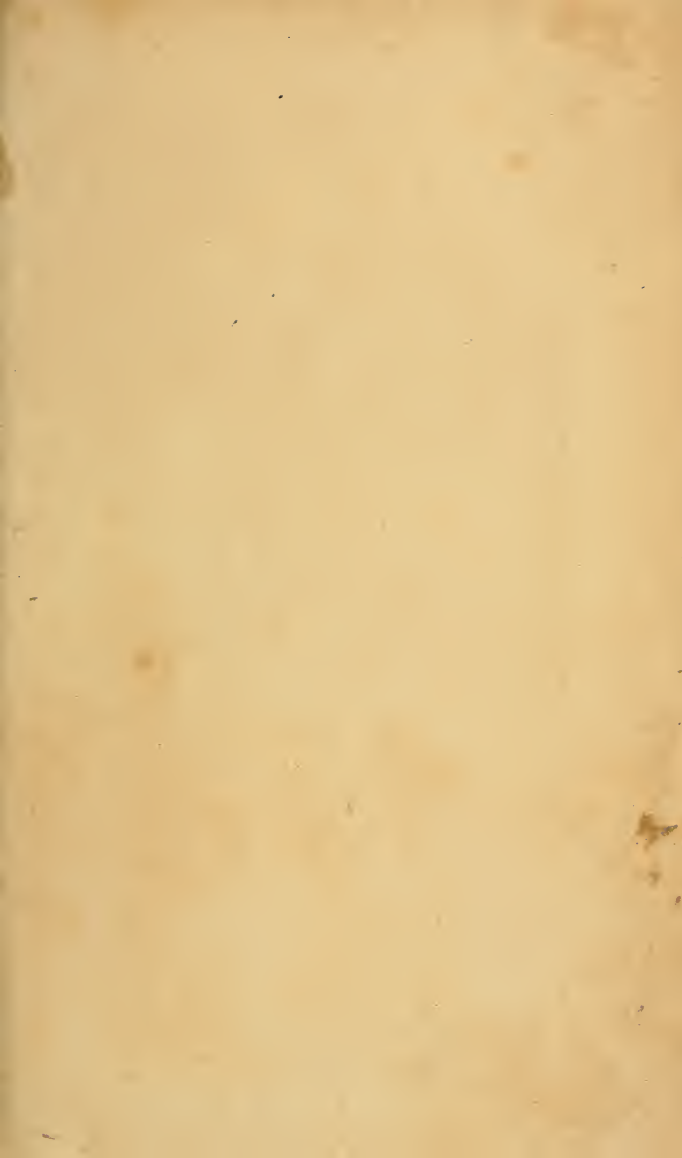
- Drummond's Select Portions of Tate and Brady's Psalms. London. 1791.
- Bentley's Collection of Psalms and Hymns. Salem.
- A Collection of Hymns from Dr. Watts, &c. Boston.
- West Boston Collection of Hymns. 1783.
- Belknap's Sacred Poetry. Boston. 1795.
- Knox's Elegant Extracts : Poetry : Book I. Lond. 1790.
- Poetical Monitor. London. 1796.
- Collection of Psalms for the use of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters in Liverpool. 1763.
- Collection of Hymns. Salisbury. 1778.
- Lindsey's Collection of Hymns and Psalms. London. 1793.
- Collection of Hymns and Psalms. Plymouth. 1790.
- Psalms and Hymns for the use of the New Meeting in Birmingham. 1790.
- Enfield's Selection of Hymns. 1795.

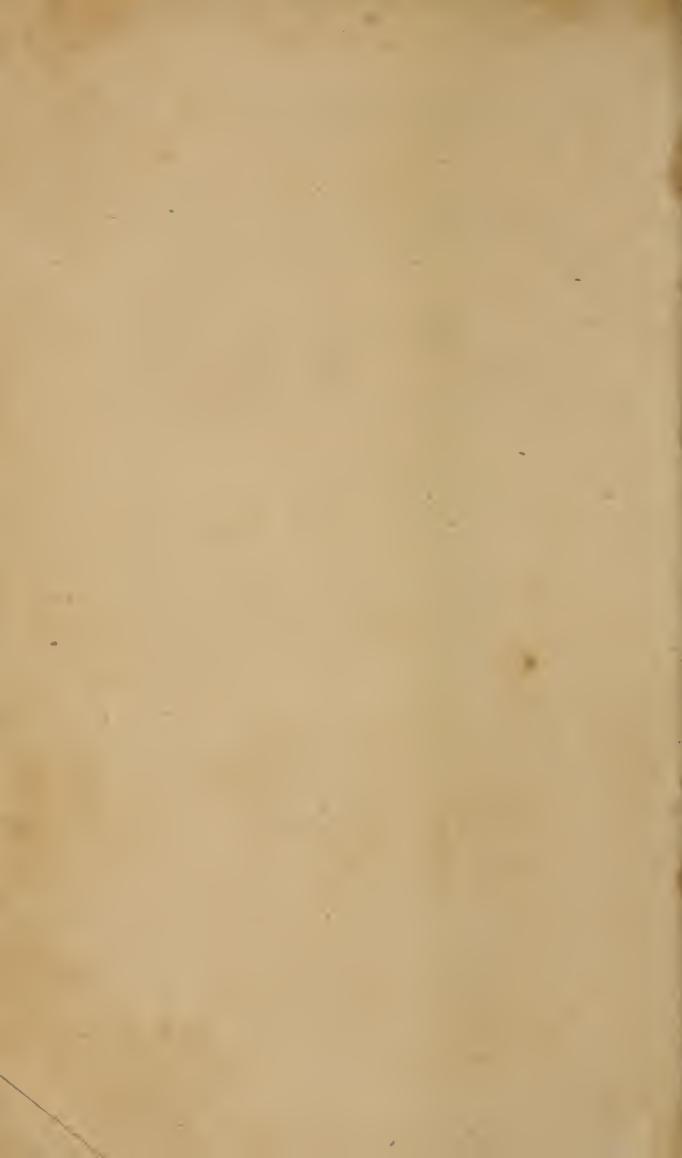
Many of the hymns and psalms are abridged or altered ; and to some additions are made. For these *alterations* and *additions* the editors are indebted, with a few exceptions, to the six last mentioned books.

Church in Tremont Street, BOSTON. 1799.

NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT METRES.

1. COMMON Metre, as the 1st. Psalm.
2. Long Metre, as the 18th. and 45th. Psalms.
3. Short Metre, as the 25th. Psalm.
4. Six Line Long Metre, as the 113th. and the 23d. Psalm, p. 22.
5. Six Line Metre, as the 27th. Hymn.
6. Hallelujah Metre, as the 84th. Psalm, p. 68, and the 136th. Psalm, p. 131.
7. All Sevens Metre, as the 30th. 31st. and 56th. Hymns.
8. Eighth Metre, as the 149th. Psalm.
9. Ninth Metre, as the 96th. Psalm, p. 84.
10. Tenth Metre, as the 96th. Psalm, p. 85.
11. Eleventh Metre, as the 32d. Hymn.
12. Twelfth Metre, as the 33d. Hymn.
13. Thirteenth Metre, as the 34th. Hymn.
14. Fourteenth Metre, as the 35th. Hymn.
15. Fifteenth Metre, as the 36th. Hymn.
16. Sixteenth Metre, as the 41st. Hymn.







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